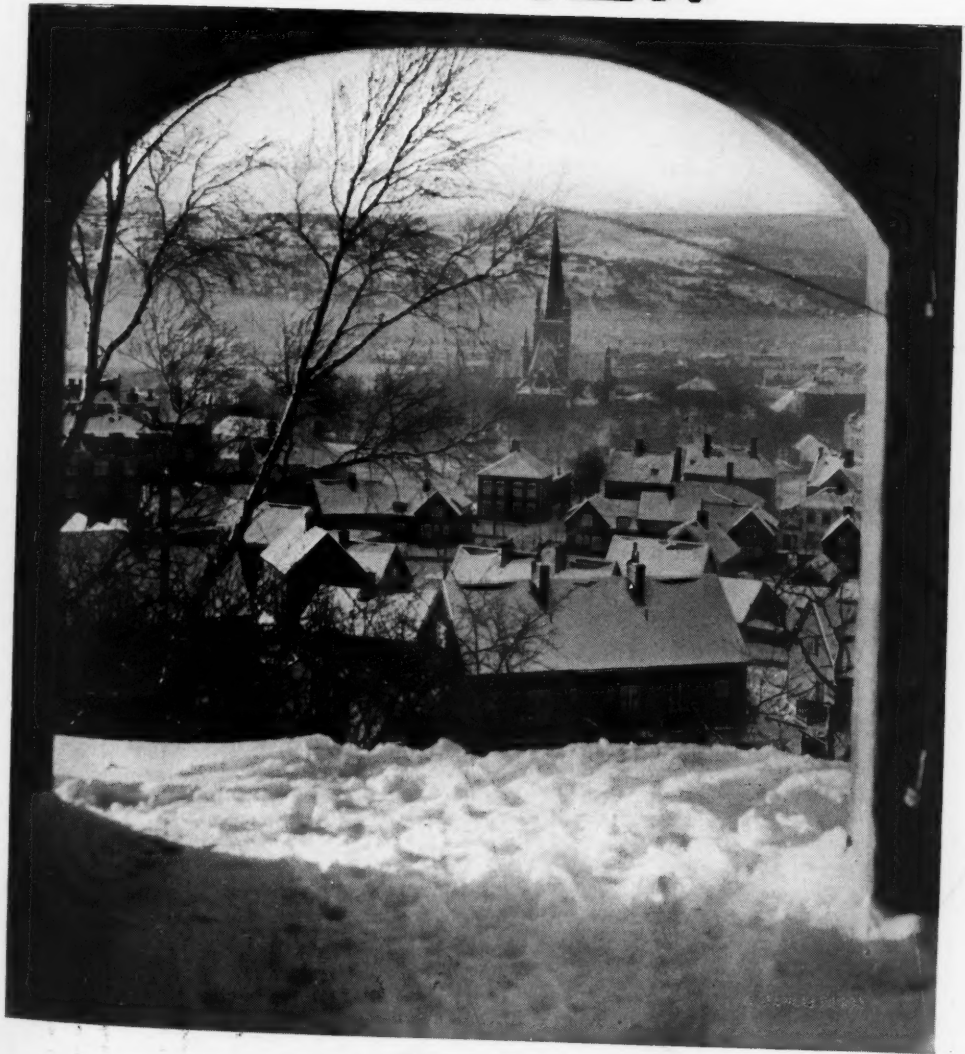


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VOLUME XVII

DECEMBER, 1929

NUMBER 12

Published by THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

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The REVIEW is published monthly, 35 cents a copy; \$3.00 a year. Associates of the Foundation receive the REVIEW upon payment of membership dues.

Publication office, 41 William St., Princeton, N.J. Editorial and executive offices, 25 West 45th St., New York. All communications for publication should be addressed to the editorial office.

Entered as second class matter at the post office of Princeton, N.J., under act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1929 in the United States. Printed at the Princeton University Press.

Order the REVIEW in:

Denmark: Danmarks Amerikanske Selskab, Viggo Carstensen, secretary, Vestre Boulevard 18, Copenhagen.

Norway: Norge-Amerika Fondet, Arne Kildal, secretary, Lille Strandgate 1, Oslo.

Sweden: Sverige Amerika Stiftelsen, Eva Fröberg, secretary, Grevturegatan 24, A, Stockholm.

British Dominions: Oxford University Press, Amen House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

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FINANCIAL NOTES

GERMANY GETS \$125,000,000 FROM
SWEDISH MATCH COMPANY

Ivar Kreuger, as head of the Swedish match interests, once more surprised the financial world by making a big loan to a European government. This time it was Germany, which obtained \$125,000,000 in return for which the Reich gave the Swedish Match Company the right to completely reorganize the match industry of that country. Before the recent transaction the Swedish interests controlled 65 per cent of the match business of Germany. The loan is to run 50 years at a rate of 6 per cent. The contract has been signed contingent upon Germany's acceptance of the Young plan. The German Government will retain the exclusive right to determine retail prices. As the Soviet Government has been dumping quantities of Russian matches into Germany, Moscow took occasion to brand the German-Swedish agreement as a hostile act.

STRENGTH OF NORWEGIAN KRONE INDICATES
INCREASED BUSINESS STABILITY

Norwegian business interests feel highly gratified that the krone is on a constant upward grade in value, and that the slight difference that remains, before the rate of \$26.80 for 100 kroner is reached, will soon be eliminated. The improved krone shows that the economic situation in Norway is wholly satisfactory, and that it promises to remain so. The Danish krone is of the same value as the Norwegian, while the Swedish is still a few points ahead of its neighbors.

NATIONAL CITY BANK HEAD ON
GERMAN OUTLOOK

Returning from abroad, Charles E. Mitchell, chairman of the board of directors of the National City Bank of New York, declared that Germany was showing increased financial stability and that, with the chief industries operating well, the standard of living had at the same time greatly improved. Mr. Mitchell gave it as his opinion that American investments in German stocks would increase and in this way add still further to the country's economic progress.

EAST ASIATIC COMPANY'S PENSION FUND

The East Asiatic Company of Copenhagen, of which the Baltic America Line is a subsidiary, at the present time has a pension fund amounting to 12,375,000 kroner. Contrary to the general rule where pension funds have been established by corporations, that of the East Asiatic Company has been created without any contributions on the part of those to enjoy its benefits. Where the company's capital on the whole has been invested in industrial enterprises the pension fund is the exception.

FINLAND CONTINUES TO EXPERIENCE
MONEY TIGHTNESS

While the general business situation in Finland is improved over what prevailed last year, the tightness of money continues to hamper any extensive new undertakings. The stringency in the money market was evidenced by the fact that, whereas

during the first seven months of this year 2,693 motor cars were imported, during the same period of 1928 the number was 4,991.

BERGENSKE STEAMSHIP COMPANY REFUTES
NORWEGIAN SUBSIDY RUMOR

Because of a report that the Norwegian Government had subsidized the Bergenske Steamship Company, a denial was issued through the *Anglo-Norwegian Trade Journal* to the effect that at no time had Norway subsidized Norwegian shipping. "The moderate sum that has been granted," says the statement, "is almost exclusively payment for the carriage of mails. We say 'almost exclusively' because there is no doubt that the grant is also to some extent due to the knowledge that the fast Bergen-Newcastle service is of great value to the export of fresh fish, but it should be noted that the Bergenske Steamship Company was also called upon to allow a reduction in freight rates upon this class of export."

DANISH GOVERNMENT'S EXPORT CREDIT FUND

One of the primary reasons for the establishment of the Danish Government's credit fund was the promotion of Danish exports to Russia. The various reorganizations and modifications of Denmark's export credit system have also been made, it is asserted, with this end in view. The future of this arrangement, however, is uncertain, as the system itself rests upon authority given for only one year at a time, through appropriations made available in the annual budget. As local and world credit conditions become adjusted, the Danish Government export credit system will no doubt be liquidated.

PROFESSOR OHLIN ON A EUROPEAN
CUSTOMS UNION

Writing in the *Swedish American Trade Journal*, Bertil Ohlin, Professor of Political Economy at the Stockholm Institute of Commerce, states that the present discussion regarding a European Customs Union shows the great importance of the subject. Such a union, however, could be established and maintained only if the world reached such a high degree of economic intelligence, and entertained such a keen desire for international economic co-operation, that it would be just as easy to introduce universal free trade, adds Mr. Ohlin. He further gives it as his opinion that the principal obstacle to such a development would be the unwillingness of the United States to let down its tariff walls.

NOTABLE EXPANSION OF THE
F. L. SMIDTH COMPANY

When a few years ago the F. L. Smidth Company of Denmark became a stock corporation, its capital of 5,000,000 kroner was considered sufficient for future manufacturing purposes, but the capital has been gradually increased, and a recent addition has brought the total to 8,000,000 kroner. The demand for the company's machinery has been so great that, in addition to its own facilities in the Valby factory, it has been obliged to place orders elsewhere under the special patents owned by the company.

JULIUS MORITZEN

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CHRISTIAN SKREDSVIG, who died in 1924, belonged to the group that included Krohg, Werenskiöld, Munthe, Thaulow and other famous Norwegian artists, but unlike them he was a peasant's son, and after his return from his study years abroad he went back to the soil from which he sprang, seeking subjects for his art. The series of water colors, of which one is reproduced as a frontispiece in this number, are in the national-lyrical style characteristic of him.

JOHAN BOJER, whose novels are too well known to need comment here, shows his versatility by his article on the Landscape Myth in Norway, and perhaps the latter is not so far removed from his fiction as might first appear, since it is really a part of the mental life of the common people whom Bojer knows so intimately and describes so sympathetically. Those who enjoyed *The Last of the Vikings* will be glad to know that Bojer has just completed a novel with the same background which was so vividly painted in the former novel.

N. S. LUNDSTRÖM is a well-known newspaper man of Sweden, for a number of years editor of *Stockholms Dagblad*. His interest in the strange story of the Gammalsvenskby people led him to accompany the rescue expedition as correspondent of *Aftonbladet* and other papers. He is a member of the committee which, under the chairmanship of Prince Carl, is working to provide homes for the immigrants from Gammalsvenskby.

GEORG NYGAARD, of Copenhagen, is a frequent contributor to the REVIEW.

NEILSON ABEEL, Secretary of the Foundation, has visited Sicily and made a pilgrimage to the tomb of the great Norman king whose reign he describes.

HILDUR DIXELIUS became known here three years ago through her book *The Minister's Daughter*, pronounced by Edward Garnett the most original among modern Swedish novels that he had read. With the scene laid in the far North, about 1800, it is a story of harsh and stern realities subdued by the indomitable spirit of the heroine, Sara Alelia. It has been followed by *The Son* and *The Grandson*, completing the trilogy. Mother Karin in the story published today in the REVIEW has the same austere strength that made Sara Alelia interesting.

SIGFRID SIWERTZ is best known for his fiction, but has also written some notable poetry.

The fame of Carl Milles's home on Lidingö near Stockholm has extended almost as far as the fame of his sculptures, and it is difficult to write of Milles's work without mentioning the home which is another expression of his artist personality. It was mentioned briefly by Kineton Parkes in his article in our last September number and more fully discussed by Guido Valentin in our Yule Number in 1921. The pictures reproduced in this number were taken by HENRY BUERGEL GOODWIN especially for the REVIEW and have just been received here.



ILLUSTRATION FOR THE FOLK SONG "VALBRISVIRA"
Water Color by Christian Skredsvig

THE AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW

VOLUME XVII

DECEMBER, 1929

NUMBER 12

Landscape Myths in Norway

By JOHAN BOJER

SCHOLARS classify folk tales variously as poetic, moral, picaresque, and nature-mystical. In some tales all these qualities are blended; and it would seem that many are migratory, making their appearance in different countries clad in local costume. But it is otherwise with what I venture to call the landscape myth. Most countries, doubtless, have developed their own, which are permanently domiciled. At any rate, we Norwegians have numbers of them.

There is a painting by Sinding which shows a mountain ridge covered with dark woods, out of which a boy plunges in mad flight. The title reads: "It is so dark, so dark—deep, deep in the woods." One senses how all the shadows, the wind's sighing, the loneliness, the gnarled roots, the stealthy creeping of beasts, have fused into a being with claws that reach. He is plunging straight out of a myth.

Jonas Lie has said that there is a troll in each of us. We are shaped by our natural environment, and informed by its spirit, at least those of us who come from the country. Thus Lie knew a man who had the face of a seal, and whose eyes, in anger, were reminiscent of phosphorescent jellyfish.

Asbjørnsen tells of a boy who met three trolls in Hedal wood, who had but one eye among them. Hedal, a branch of Gudbrandsdal, is a valley surrounded by mighty mountains. In the tale the very mountains have acquired limbs and are to be met with by mortals. The single eye is doubtless a fire built atop some dark ridge by a lonely outlaw.

The landscape myth is our most ancient saga, our oldest form of mythology. The woods drew breath, the mountains had an eye, and the sea had its restlessness long before man first learned to erect

memorial stones or dream of eternity. It is likewise our earliest geography. It pictures both land and people in the various parts of Norway. In the east and along the south coast, the bright, leafy slopes have opened their eyes and come to life in the guise of the wood nymph, the *Huldra*. She is the gentle spirit of the rolling ridges. In the west and north, where sea and mountains make nature more stern, the mythical characters are accordingly different. In these rugged districts the great peaks, eternally snow-covered, have become mighty gnomes which measure both time and space in their shouts to each other.

In one tale there sat three old men of the mountains with heads reared up to the sky, uttering never a word; and thus they had remained silent for many a long century. But a day came when one of them raised his head and said, "I think I heard a cow lowing." Three hundred years later one of his neighbors, a score of miles away, had hit upon an answer. "Yes—" he called. After three hundred more years had passed, the third old fellow had something to say. "Well," he shouted, "if there's to be such chattering hereabouts I'll have to move." Thus the fairy tale measures off time and space on a tremendous scale, and, in a few lines, it has compressed not a little of our national temperament.

The sagas make frequent mention of evil spirits—fateful powers bred of darkness, cold, and storm. There are troll women, witches who practise enchantments, Lapps adept in sorcery. But there are also more friendly powers that need not be feared. Such a one is the *marmel*, a tiny merman, who is often drawn up on a fisherman's line. Give him something to wear, and he will reveal the future, but take care not to ask him when you are going to die. And always put him back in the sea again, or you will fare ill. In the *Landnáma* Book, Grim was out fishing with his men, and his son Thore lay in the bow covered with a sealskin. Drawing up a marmel on his line, Grim asked what the future held for him and in what part of Iceland he should settle down permanently. The marmel replied, "There is nothing to say about you—only about the lad under the sealskin. He must settle where your steed, Skalm, first takes a fall on Icelandic soil." More he would not say. But soon afterwards Grim was drowned with all his people except the boy, who became one of the fathers of Iceland.

The *toretrolls* are nearly as ancient. Never admit one of them into your pocket when a storm is blowing up, for it is these very creatures that the thunderbolts are making every effort to strike.

Obviously, the fairy tales of northern Norway must be peculiarly rich and varied. The long dark winters, the storms, the sea, the wild



NORWEGIAN FAIRY TALES: ILLUSTRATION BY OTTO SINDING

mountain chains mantled in snow, wreathed about with mist, or gilded by the midnight sun, have all lent an impulse to the popular imagination. Human life is only half real—the other half being a fantasy which is directed at an unseen world.

Almost every mountain is a fairy tale in stone. There are men on horseback, on skis, and in boats; women lying down, sitting, and standing. Each was going somewhere, to see a sweetheart or what not, when the sun came up and the troll froze to rock. Moskenæs current,

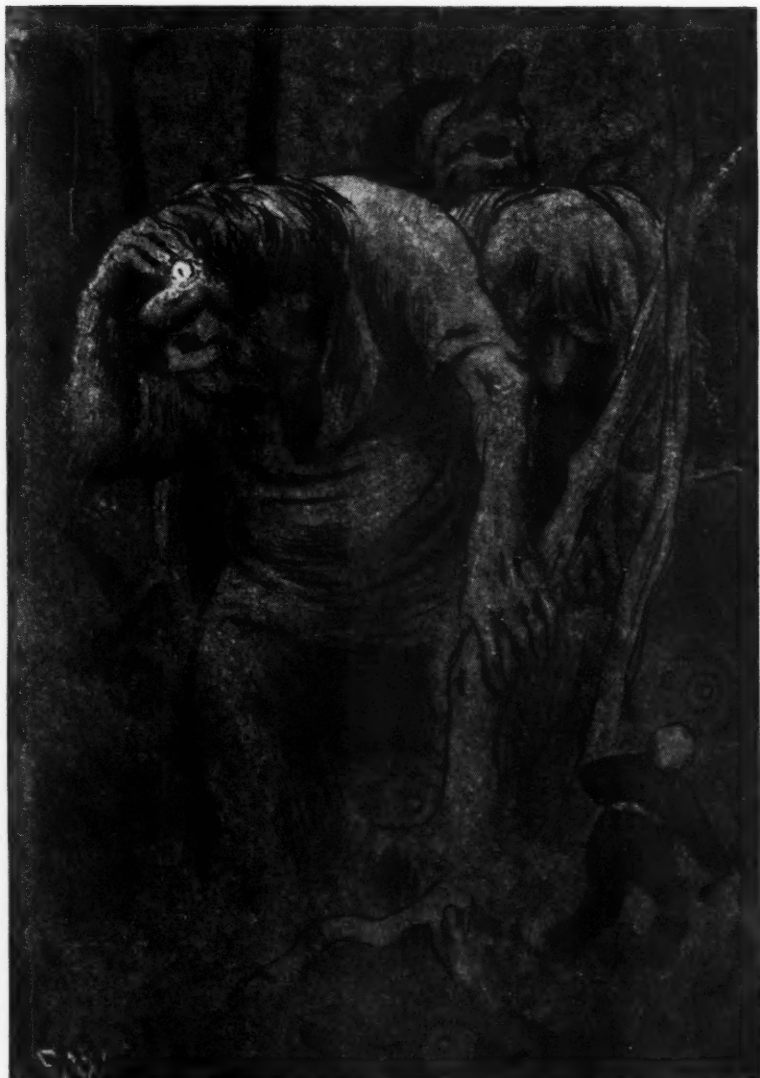
between the mainland and the Lofoten Islands, is a pot in which an angry beldame is stirring. The group of peaks in Helgeland known as the Seven Sisters are white maidens who on sunny days stoop and mirror themselves in the Vestfjord while they dress their hair.

The *draug* is a native of the north. He sails in half a boat and has a tangled mass of seaweed in place of a head. When a fisherman finds foamy scum in his boat, he calls it *draug* spew and realizes that very soon he will be lost at sea. The *gammeloter* is a little goblin who frequents the part of a fjord where the current is swiftest. He screams at the approach of bad weather, and thus gives warning of storms. As darkness overtakes the fisherman, he can sometimes see this fellow jump out of the boat.

The merman as well often shows himself before a storm, and his face with its beard of seaweed is always turned in the direction whence the wind blows. On Ash Wednesday the mermaids drift toward shore, and if the wind is at their backs they sing, in which event God be merciful to us mortals, for ill fortune is in store for man and beast. But if they must head into the wind, the sound of their weeping and lamentations is borne afar, and then it is the peasant who need not weep, for he knows the year will be memorable for good crops and plenty of fish.

The fisherman's brain is haunted by dreams of fertile, smiling islands far out at sea, hemmed about by the finest fishing in the world. There all the men are wealthy and all the women beautiful. And these islands can really be found if you only keep on far enough in a westerly course. Thus, in his drab struggle with poverty, the fisherman has created a dream of Utröst, his Islands of the Blessed.

Trøndelagen, my own country, fairly teems with tales of poor fishermen who achieve power and magnificence by marrying some woman from under the sea. As a boy I once heard from an old woman's lips such a Lucky-Per story—and it was no fairy tale but the gospel truth, for name and place were given. Indeed, it had all happened to Ola paa Besvolden. Poor Ola was certainly in wretched circumstances, owning but a poor hut on a rock, the windows of which were stuffed with old rags, and which overflowed with hungry, ragged children. Well, it happened one winter that he was on a fishing trip with Elias (the narrator's own brother) when, as they sat one day in their fishing shed, Ola suddenly vanished from sight. No one had seen him leave. At last they went to look for him, but search as they would, dredge as they would, there was not a sign of Ola, so that when they returned home in the spring they carried the news that their comrade must have slipped down off a rock and drowned.



NORWEGIAN FAIRY TALES: ILLUSTRATION BY ERIK WERENSKIÖLD

If the hut on the rock had known poverty before this, fancy how much worse matters were now that the provider had been lost. But the next year, as his comrades were again gathered in the same fishing shed, there of a sudden stood Ola in their midst. They gaped and turned stiff. Ola was now something worth looking at—fat, ruddy, and well dressed, with a gold chain across his belly, gold rings in his ears, and the grandest sea boots reaching up over his thighs; indeed, he looked like a rich merchant.

"Yes, of course," he said. "I imagine you're surprised to see me again. But you can bank on it that I've come up in the world. I'm a regular nabob. I've plenty of money, a big farm, and fishing gear of the finest, and I've married a woman so beautiful you've never seen her like."

"Married?" cried Elias (the narrator's brother). "Married? But what of Malena, who is still in your wretched hovel on the rock, with your children, poverty-stricken and hungry?"

"Never mind about that!" said Ola. "All of that was so terrible I couldn't stand it any longer. I had to think up something, or poverty and misery would have driven me out of my wits. And if you would all be as rich and great as I am, I can tell you that my wife has three fine sisters just as beautiful and rich as she is, and you can see them in the twinkling of an eye if you will only take a swig out of this bottle."

"Not on your life!" said the others. "You couldn't make us drink as much as would lie on your eyelid," said they. "And if it is true that you are now so well off, you'd best go straight back where you came from." And before they knew it Ola had vanished again, as a light is snuffed out, and they never saw him again.

We may pass over all the accounts of ghosts at sea, of portents before great events, and of drowned fishermen who cry for help during storms because they have not been buried in Christian ground.

But out at sea, west of the mouth of the Trondhjemsfjord, lies the fishing station of Halten, on the Fro Islands. Here I ran across a tale that has its counterpart in an old ballad.

These rocky islands are like a huge flock of seabirds. It is said that a man once counted them all, scattered over the gray sea, and that their number is close to nine hundred. The group farthest out is called Hell, nothing less, partly because of the violent whirlpools that chequer its inlets, and that are capable of sucking a boat down to the bottom, and partly because of the many covered reefs of which one may easily run foul. I have seen these islands on a still summer's day when they were idyllic, with the breadth of the skies mirrored in the breadth of the sea, and every bit of rock and reef carpeted with myriads of eider-ducks, auks, seamews, wild sheep, and seals that had flipped up on the wet slopes to sun themselves. In the air and on the water were flocks of screaming sea birds. Only two of the islands can boast of all-year-round inhabitants—a few small farmers in little huts that are gray as the autumn sea and sky.

And I have seen these islands lashed by a wild winter's storm, when sea and sky were in a fury and the rocks and reefs were monsters that

slashed at the waves, frothing and howling. It was plain that here raged sinister forces, on both land and sea.

Here dwelt Jeppe Bigwig, a king over human beings, over fish and fowl, and over all manner of weird things. He was descended from both mermen and Christian men, his palace lay half above and half beneath the surface of the sea, and he dealt in fish, owning boats in the north and at Bergen. His seven beautiful daughters had long yellow fishes' tails and golden ornaments in their ears, and often on moonlight nights they would rise to the surface and float on the waves, playing their golden harps and singing, to lure some mariner onto the rocks. The tale describes—as does the ballad—a wedding party that Jeppe Bigwig gave for one of his daughters. And the most splendid and moving part of the tale deals with the wedding guests' arrival across the sea. It appears that practically all of these islets and reefs are after all inhabited, if not by mortals, at least by fantastic mythical personages.

Some come riding on fish, others drive whales or seals, and still others fly, like cormorants or eagles. Now the draug is degraded to the rank of scullery boy; drowned fishermen wait at table, and a priest who perished making the rounds of his parish comes upon the scene in cassock and ruff to perform the ceremony.

It develops that the unhappy bride is enamoured of the draug who is scullery boy. When the guests are all heavy with drink, the lovers take flight and there ensues a magnificent chase across the sea.

How did such a tale come into existence among a handful of poor fishermen? Who was the poet among them, and where did he live? And how much of it can have a basis in reality? Those are questions we cannot answer.

A power that has maintained itself up to the very present is the troll cat. This creature is the willing tool of any woman. She need not be a witch—only a woman.

In my own childhood there were women in the neighborhood of whom we were habitually afraid and whom we dreaded to see approach our cow shed or stable, because they could *gjöre aat*—that is, make people or beasts fall ill. The cows, their favorite objects, would then either calve prematurely or begin to give milk that was mostly blood. It was through the agency of a troll cat that these women acted.

To conjure forth one of these little monsters was a simple matter. The crone would prepare a loaf of cow dung and cream, mould it into oblong form, throw it on the floor, and cry, "Now that I have given you body and limbs, may the devil give you movement and life!" Straightway the cat would commence to wriggle and ask where it



NORWEGIAN FAIRY TALES: ILLUSTRATION BY TH. KITTELSEN

should go and what it should do; and the instant its errand had been made clear—pst!—it was off to execute her command.

There can be no doubt that school and so-called enlightenment have stifled much of the primitive myth consciousness all over our countryside. And with these myths have died what we call our peasant culture, the original creative force that once manifested itself in buildings, handiwork, and decorative art. And together with the schools and the new era have come the terrible “villa” style and the plush furniture and the machine-made implements—which is another story.

But the troll cat still lives. I remember that in 1914, when I was a lieutenant at Agdaness fortress, which is on the Trøndelagen sea-coast, one day the housewives with whom my men were quartered

resolved to raise the rent. Since the soldiers received only a few öre a day, and I could not see where the additional sums were coming from, I opposed the scheme. This naturally angered the women, and they warned me that I would regret it. And to be sure I was laid up in bed for the next three days with the very ailment that the troll cat is said to put upon one. The next time I marched by with my platoon, there stood a woman in each doorway, delightedly shouting, "So you got what was coming to you!" There was not a doubt in their minds that one of them had got vengeance by setting a troll cat on me.

In Gudbrandsdalen I heard the tale of some men who a few years ago travelled into the Vinstervandene district. It was midwinter, and the snow was so deep that their horse had to be equipped with snowshoes. They arrived at a lonely sæter and spent the evening in a hut over grog and pipes, telling stories and joking in masculine fashion. Suddenly one spoke up—there were three of them.

"Say, we ought to have three girls here, eh? If we only had them!"

The others, of course, were in perfect accord. Just then the door swung open, and in stepped three very beautiful women. It was at least a score of miles to the nearest neighbor, and the road was impassable. The men went stiff. They were in no doubt as to the identity of their visitors. These could be none other than the daughters of the Old Man of Hedal. At length one of them mustered up enough courage to begin singing a hymn, and instantly the girls faded from sight, like snuffed candles.

I personally remember an occasion when, hunting up in the Valdres mountains, I went into a sæter to refresh myself with a glass of milk and a pipe. The dairymaid was a woman of forty, blooming and handsome. Her air was disconsolate, and she remarked that a recent experience was heavy on her heart. One morning earlier in the summer she had noticed that the meadow around the sæter was crowded with strange cattle—black, white, red, and spotted. She picked up a broom and ran out to drive them away, but when she had got outside there was not a trace of a single cow. This was so strange that she told the story to the old woman at the next sæter. This sage person asked whether she had brought her daughter with her to the sæter. Yes, she had. "Ah, poor child!" said the old woman. More she would not say. But soon afterwards the little girl was taken sick and died; and when the mother had told me all this she added that she knew why. Yes, earlier in the summer she had made the mistake of throwing out some warm water—without remembering first to say "Hush!"

Thus, these myths still live here and there throughout the country.

Asbjørnsen has given us a picture of an evening devoted to such tales, on a big farm. In the spacious kitchen are gathered the landowner's wife and daughters, with all the help. The women are at their handiwork in the firelight, while the smith recounts weird happenings. A shudder runs through the dairymaid whose duty it will soon be to go out and milk the cows, and the lad who is to give the horses their fodder is not enjoying the prospect.

But finally they must go out.

All the circumstances strongly favor mystic experiences. The courtyard is pitch dark. The cow shed is lighted only by a smoldering pine knot stuck into a chink in the wall. There is darkness enough to disguise the beasts. Is it strange that something or other stirs in a disconcerting way? In the stable the lad must grope his way to the fodder without a bit of light. Is it strange that everything becomes alive and shaggy?

In this way we have developed fairy tales of cow shed and stable which are traceable, in infinite variations, far back into the past. In the stables it is simple. The *nisse*, or brownie, becomes attached to one of the horses and keeps its mane always well braided. Drive this horse as hard as you will, it will always be sleek and fat and lusty, for the *nisse* supplies it with extra fodder. But the cow shed tales are more varied. There the powers are darker and more evil—which is perhaps not so strange, seeing that here has ever been woman's province.

The question remains whether these tales are made out of whole cloth. Have humans invented the whole thing? Have we breathed the spirit into the landscape? Or is it conceivably the other way round? Did the woods, the rivers, the mountains, and the sea have a soul before man came upon the scene with his perceptive faculties?

I can only reply that if man had, let us say, ten senses instead of his five far from perfect ones, he would certainly perceive much more than he does.

Most of us have known hours, alone with the immensity of nature, when we felt the existence of a world outside that of which we have a daily consciousness. Then new eyes and ears were added to us, and woods, mountains, and sea began to reveal a new and marvelous life. What is the truth? I know a writer who maintains that the nature myth is the source of our human mind—which is one way of looking at it.

In any case, hardly any people since the Greeks have been so indebted to their nature myths as the Norwegians. The day when Asbjørnsen and Moe brought them to light marked Norway's spiritual awakening,

nothing less. The inspiration they have given our literature, music, and painting is incalculable.

When all is said and done, there are only two kinds of people, those in whom fantasy, myth, is a living force—and the others. Some people we meet have the woods and the sea ever welling up within them; while many are only gray factory souls, only paragraphs and numbers.

Deep in Tönset, on a wooded ridge, is a lonely charcoal burner, alone with the cold, the dark, the woods, and the stars. It is miles to a human habitation. His only company is the glow in his kiln. Like another god of the fire, he must spend the long night watching his blaze. Everything around him is so still that he can hear the tread of a fox in the hills far, far to the north. Gradually his imagination and his senses transform him till he is no longer a man but has become darkness, stars, and woods. And gradually darkness, woods, cold, and snow develop consciousness. A new reality opens its eyes. The night begins to bring forth progeny. Stumps and stones come to life. The snow on a branch becomes a face; the root of a tree becomes something shaggy. And when toward morning the charcoal burner regains his daytime habit of mind he has something dark, something alive, to tell, and a new fairy tale is born.

This man was perhaps our ancestor. And though he may have had but small goods or gold to leave us, it may be that we have from him something just as good—his nights spent on the ridges of Tönset.

Or a man is in a fishing boat some miles west of Lofoten. It is summer, and the sea is smooth beneath the midnight sun. He is fishing halibut. The snow-capped Lofoten Mountains can barely be glimpsed far to the east, a white streak between sky and sea. The sea lies heavy, gently breathing, and across it a red path runs westward to the sun. The whole western sky is a paradise of glowing cloud masses, which are mirrored in the bright sea. Broad gates are open into an infinitely deep fairyland, and as the fisherman loses himself in a reverie, his face is aglow with the radiant color and the light.

It is in such hours that the fisherman hears the sea, the sun and the western sky begin their singing. Now it is that the mermaid raises her golden head from the ocean and plays her golden harp with such magical charm that even the boat stops drifting in order to listen.

This man was perhaps our forefather. And we can never be really poor if we have inherited something from his nights on the sun-reddened sea.



PRINCE CARL WELCOMING THE PEOPLE OF GAMMALSVENSKBY WHEN THEY ARRIVE IN SWEDEN

A Repatriation Epic

The Return to Their Homeland of the Swedish Villagers of Gammalsvenskby, in Russia

By N. S. LUNDSTRÖM

THIS SUMMER Sweden has been the scene of a folk migration, though in miniature. A little group of Swedish people, numbering barely nine hundred souls, have been returned to the country which was once, many centuries ago, the home of their forefathers. The event has taken place under unique conditions and has called forth a great wave of sympathy among the Swedes at home, who have greeted their repatriated kinsfolk with enthusiasm.

The Swedes who have now been reunited with their parent country come all the way from the steppes of the Ukraine. There, on the bank of the Dnieper, the majestic Russian river which empties into the Black Sea, lies a village which for a century and a half has remained Swedish: Gammalsvenskby. The story of its origin is a strange one.

When Russia had captured this land from the Turks, a hundred and fifty years ago, it became a pet idea of the great autocrat, Empress Catherine, and her favorite, Potemkin, that this newly-won country should be colonized. On some of the islands in the Baltic, close to the

coast of Esthonia, lived a few people of old Swedish stock. It is possible that some of them had removed there as early as the year 1000, from the island of Gotland. Others may have come much later, from the Swedish communities in Finland, or from Roslagen on Sweden's eastern coast. The islands had once belonged to Sweden, but since the beginning of the eighteenth century had been a part of Russia. It happened just at the time when the Empress Catherine was looking for colonists for the Ukraine that the Swedish farmers on the island of Dagö were revolting against the oppression of their landlord, Count Stenbock, who had begun to treat them as if they were Esthonian serfs, selling and exchanging them. For centuries they had been free Swedish peasants, protected by royal decree, and they had no mind to put up with the treatment they received. They were beginning to think of returning to Sweden, but an imperial ukase cut short that hope. Count Stenbock had answered their complaints by a wholesale discharge of his tenants, and the Empress made use of the situation to secure good settlers for her new lands in the Ukraine. A large tract on the Dnieper was opened to the Swedish farmers, and they were ordered to proceed thither, a distance of not less than 2,000 kilometers. By this means they were relieved from the oppression of Count Stenbock, but the price at which they bought their liberty was a hard and perilous journey to the



A PROSPEROUS FARMER IN GAMMAISVENSBY WITH HIS CHILDREN AND CHILDREN'S CHILDREN IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE. THE CHURCH IS SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND



THE INHABITANTS OF GAMMALSVENSKBY EMBARKING ON TWO RIVER STEAMERS TO GO DOWN THE DNIEPER AND MEET THE SWEDISH RED CROSS AT CHERSON

distant "land of the heathens," as their new home seemed to them.

Russian battleships arrived at the island of Dagö, one August day in 1781, to carry away the Swedish farmers and their wives and children, numbering in all some 1,200. The departure was hurried and unceremonious, and many bitter tears were shed when the villagers left their old homesteads where they had lived for generations, and the soil which they had tilled up to the very last day. After the trip via boat to Reval, the seemingly endless journey was made on foot, under Cossack escort, across the immense Russian mainland. A few necessities of food and clothing and some household goods were transported along on wagons. Bottomless roads, cold, snow-storms and driving rains, sickness and all manner of privations made the journey a veritable *Via Dolorosa* for these unfortunates. One quarter of their number were buried along the road. It took the rest nine months to reach their goal. In the little Russian village Poltava—a name which has an unhappy sound to Swedish ears since the days of King Charles XII—winter quarters were established for a brief time. According to tradition so many Swedes died here that, when they started out again on their grim march, the Russian peasants knew all the Swedish funeral



THE EMIGRANTS ON BOARD THE "FIRUZAN" WHICH CARRIED THEM ACROSS THE BLACK SEA

hymns by heart, both words and tunes. They had heard them almost daily during the winter.

Their new home, located eight kilometers north of Cherson, the port city of the river Dnieper, had been prepared after a fashion to receive them, by order of Potemkin. The Swedish colonists were, in fact, awarded more land than they could possibly till. It was a virgin and fertile soil, which did not require much attention to bring forth a harvest. On the other hand, drought and insects often caused dearth. For the settlers it was a hard life, especially during the first years, filled with dangers and all manner of difficulties. The neighborhood was very insecure, often traversed by bands of robbers. Pestilence and other diseases caused many deaths, so that the number of the colonists, which had already been reduced during the journey, decreased still more in the first years of the settlement. Of the 1,200 emigrants who had left Dagö in 1781, there remained only 135 in 1785, divided among thirty families. A few years later the stock received a needed addition with the arrival of some thirty Swedish prisoners, taken in King Gustaf III's Russian war, who had been ordered to join their countrymen in Gammalsvenskby.

The Ukrainian steppe was and always remained an alien land to the Swedes, who found it difficult to forget their old homes on Dagö and who, despite the tremendous distance, were laying plans for a return to Sweden. These plans were discovered by the Russians, and two of the Swedish leaders were exiled to Siberia, but thanks to the

mediation of a Swedish-born Russian lady they were allowed to return home.

In this manner the descendants of the Dagö Swedes have lived for nearly a hundred and fifty years in their village on the steppe by the large river, surrounded by German colonists who often threatened to invade their property and strangle their nationality. It is justly regarded as a miracle that the stock did not entirely die out during the first difficult years, and it is not less of a wonder that this Swedish outpost succeeded in preserving its nationality and its love for Sweden despite the long duration of the exile and the hardships that constantly beset it. The sufferings that the men and women of Gammalsvenskby endured were tremendous: diseases, dearth, hunger, plunder, insecurity as to life and property. But they had good years, too, in Gammalsvenskby. When the church, erected with the aid of Swedish money, was dedicated in 1885, the German supremacy in the village was broken, and the language fights which had been carried on with the Germans terminated. With this event came better days, both materially and culturally. The Swedish language was introduced as a subject in the school, in 1886. A typically Swedish division of the farm land, called *enskifte*, was inaugurated in 1901. Vineyards and gardens were laid out. Cream separators, tractors, and threshing machines arrived from Sweden. A community library with Swedish books was opened. A town hall with schoolrooms and quarters for the minister was also built.

Then came the World War, followed by the Revolution, putting a calamitous end to everything. All men between the ages of twenty and forty-eight were called to the front. In the footsteps of the war came something yet more horrible: anarchy, civil war, and famine. Twice during this time Gammalsvenskby was the scene of attacks and murder, plunder and extortion. During three months of 1919 and six months of 1920, the village lay in the front line of the civil war. Properties and harvests were destroyed. The famine of the following two years surpassed all the previous horrors. The people were saved from extinction only by help from Sweden through the Red Cross. Eleven persons had, however, already died when aid arrived.

The thought of emigration again sprang up under these conditions. Obviously, the motive power of the exodus this summer was not only of an ideal nature. Practical reasons are also necessary to make a whole people decide on a common breaking up from home and hearth where generations of ancestors have lived, although in isolation and as aliens. It was primarily the conditions brought forth by the Revolution which

kindled the desire for emigration. The little spark had glowed for many years. The storm of the Revolution fanned it to flame.

The villagers found themselves under a new kind of serfdom, as bad as that which their fathers suffered at Dagö. They tried for a long time to hold out, but when their religious liberty was threatened, when their children were not permitted to be taught the faith of their fathers, their cup ran over. The decision to emigrate was reached at a community meeting, and finally permission was obtained from the Russian authorities to leave the country. This was gained with Swedish help and primarily through the influence of the Swedish Red Cross and its president, Prince Carl.

Sweden did not, however, take the initiative in the exodus of the Gammalsvenskby villagers from the Ukraine. The important decision was reached by the people themselves and ripened to action in their loneliness, nourished by an old love, an inherited longing, and a steady trust in the land which had once been their fathers'—although so long ago that the research of history must find its way back to heathen days to discover the first traces of a Swedish emigration to the Esthonian coast. It was clear that Sweden would not shut its door to these people of Swedish blood, when they knocked upon it. In all leading and responsible Swedish circles there was a unanimous feeling that they must be heartily welcomed. The government had assured itself that all the political parties in the Riksdag were of the same opinion. Only the local Bolsheviks furnished a bit of inevitable grunting. An unusually solid front of approval stood, then, behind the actors in this strange drama, as the Swedish Red Cross undertook the task of bringing the villagers of Gammalsvenskby back to Sweden. A large committee, headed by Prince Carl, was organized, upon the suggestion of the Swedish government, to arrange matters at home for their reception as well as for their future.

There were, however, many serious difficulties to be overcome. The Russian authorities had shown a stubborn opposition to the idea of emigration; the deliberations were dragged out in typical Russian fashion, and it became impossible to receive permission for a delegate of the Swedish Red Cross to make a visit to Gammalsvenskby for the necessary discussions and investigations. Two of Gammalsvenskby's leading men, the pastor, the Rev. Kristoffer Hoas, and the sexton, Johan Buskas, had been in Sweden for some time to work for the cause of their countrymen. They did not return, however, for fear that their activity would be regarded as treacherous and that they would be treated accordingly. While Sweden could do nothing but maintain



THE OLDEST MEMBER STUDYING HIS HYMN BOOK ONE OF THE PRETTY YOUNG GIRLS OF THE PARTY

a position of neutrality, the situation in the little village by the Dnieper became more and more acute. Not to bind themselves to the soil, the peasants had refused to accept seed corn from the authorities, and were thus threatened with famine in case they should be forced to remain. Then came, suddenly, just before midsummer, the information that permission to leave the country had been granted by the Russians. This order, however, was given on the condition that it must be made use of within a very narrow time limit. Whatever had to be done from the Swedish side, must be done immediately. Under the personal leadership of Prince Carl, the Swedish Red Cross undertook its task. This was in one respect rendered all the more difficult because the emigrants were not permitted to leave by way of Russia, but must be fetched at the nearest port city and then be transported as quickly as possible out of the country.

The strained relations existing between Russia and its nearest neighbor by the Black Sea, Roumania, made the task all the more precarious. To enter a Russian port with a Roumanian steamer, or vice versa, was unthinkable, because of the feeling between the two nations.



THE DISCOMFORTS OF BLACK SEA TRAVEL HAVE EVIDENTLY NOT AFFECTED THIS YOUNG EMIGRANT



SEXTON KOTZ, WHOSE FATHER'S FATHER LED THE DAGÖ PEASANTS ON THEIR LONG JOURNEY ACROSS RUSSIA

The only solution was to charter a Turkish steamer, in which the trip was finally made. Unfortunately, Swedish and Turkish ideas of navigation and hygiene are not the same, but there was no choice. It was therefore without pride, but full of determination to bring the venture to a happy conclusion, that the Swedish Red Cross delegation under the capable command of Major Elof Berggren set out across the Black Sea from the Bosphorus towards Cherson on board the 1,400-ton Turkish vessel, *Firuzan*.

Late one night, prior to the day which had been set for the delivery of the Gammalsvenskby villagers, the *Firuzan* anchored on the Dnieper, close by Cherson. An hour later the sun rose. That morning will not soon be forgotten. Nobody on board knew how the meeting with the Swedish colonists would shape itself, but we took it for granted that they would meet us in Cherson. We therefore looked towards the shore with a great deal of anticipation. Quite right, tied to the quay we

spied two large river steamers whose decks seemed crowded with people. In a minute our doubts were shattered. From one of the vessels rose in the early morning the notes of a Swedish hymn, sung in unison by old and young. It was strangely gripping to hear our countrymen salute us in this manner. Their feelings were surely not dampened when they at last recognized the liberating and much longed-for flag of the Swedish Red Cross which flapped from one of our masts. Eyes filled with tears and we all looked forward to the moment when we would be permitted to greet each other.

The Russian formalities were soon gone through, and the *Firuzan* was allowed to steam to the dock, greeted, as it approached, by the Swedish national anthem, *Du gamla, du fria*, sung by Gammalsvenskby villagers who were impatiently waiting on the shore. We experienced a stabbing sensation upon hearing for the first time this hymn to our land, rendered with feeling and love, by these people who had never seen the country but who, nevertheless, sang it with such affection and warmth. When we then were allowed to cross the gangplank, there were endless greetings and heartfelt words of gratitude. Everybody wanted to shake the hands of those who had come to deliver them, and in Russian fashion many kisses were pressed both on our hands and cheeks in joy over the realization that now, at last, had dawned the day of freedom.

What was the first impression of our countrymen? Perhaps it was



ENJOYING THE ENTERTAINMENT IN ROUMANIA

a feeling that they were not at all alien to us. When we saw them beam with the joy of welcome we felt that they were close to us. Had we not seen these people before? Did not childhood remembrances from distant places in Sweden awake in our hearts? Memories of spots where we had already long ago met this very type of simple and true people, and where they are still to be found. They came, the Gammalsvenskby villagers, as they had lived and worked, as if, indeed, they had gone on board direct from their toil in the fields, dressed in thin clothes, as the burning summer sun of their steppes demanded. Some of the men were attired in blouses of a Russian cut and caps which gave them a stamp of the country they were about to leave. The women all wore white head-cloths, in these days well-nigh extinct in Sweden, but decorative and charming in a peculiar way. All in all, their appearance spoke of an honest Swedish race of farmers or fishermen. Several types, in fact, seemed to belong on the canvasses of the Swedish painter, Carl Wilhelmson, who depicted the life among the people on the western coast of Bohuslän.

In the afternoon of the second day in Cherson, the villagers had all been brought on board. The *Firuzan* could now steam down the Dnieper with its load of 882 Gammalsvenskby people—quartered wherever there was room—and via Odessa set out for the Roumanian port city of Constanza, a journey of about twenty-four hours.

Our stay in the beautiful Constanza and our journey through Roumania left only the very best impressions, thanks to the friendliness we met on all sides. Our Red Cross, since the days of the World War, enjoys the highest reputation in all Europe. It was, indeed, greatly due to the influence of the Swedish Red Cross and the personal help of Prince Carl that the emigration permit was issued—something which people who knew Russian conditions intimately considered a stupendous achievement. Often the name of Charles XII was mentioned



A ROUMANIAN BISHOP AND HIS ASSISTANT
BLESSING THE MEAL AT CONSTANZA



THE FIRST SIGHT OF SWEDEN

in the speeches of welcome which greeted us as we travelled through these parts. The memory of his famous horseback ride from Turkey to Sweden still seems to live fresh among the natives. Our journey was made in one single train of tremendous length, over Bukarest, Vienna—where an intermediate stop was made in the city's excellent public dormitories—skirting Czecho-Slovakia, up through Germany, past Berlin to Sassnitz, and thence via the old Swedish train-ferry route across the Baltic Sea to Trelleborg.

Home at last! I don't know how the Gammalsvenskby villagers felt as they approached the Swedish mainland and saw its dim outlines rise from the sea. But I hope that they really felt that they were nearing their home. As so often during the journey, the strains of *Du gamla, du fria* now rose again from their lips—and from their hearts. The sincerity in their voices was especially discernible now as they stood close to the goal of their long journey, the goal of their silent dreams. Their first meeting with the land of their forefathers, their first steps on Swedish soil, and the warmth and sympathy which met them offered a strangely gripping scene. Here the Gammalsvenskby people also made the acquaintance of Prince Carl, who, on behalf of Sweden, its king and government, bade them welcome. All along the route where the two Swedish special trains passed, enthusiastic greetings and spontaneous cries of welcome met the travellers. In Jönköping, the end of the journey, the whole city was up and about, and

many people had come in from outlying parishes. A welcoming committee had arranged everything as comfortably as possible for the friends from afar. Here the Gammalsvenskby people found their first home in a fine regimental armory, beautifully located close the city, and now empty due to the restriction of armament by the recent law. Here they lived in family groups, although they took their meals together. The very first day they were visited by the Prime Minister of Sweden, former Admiral Arvid Lindman, who, accompanied by the Minister of Social Affairs, Sven Lybeck, had motored from Stockholm to Jönköping to speak to them. The Minister of Agriculture, Johan Bernard Johansson, had already met them at the railway station. Among those who greeted them at Trelleborg was Director-General Gösta Malm, who as chairman of the Gammalsvenskby working committee is responsible for the colonists' future in Sweden. Both during their first day as well as during the entire time they spent in Jönköping, the Gammalsvenskby people have been visited by an untold number of people who, driven by curiosity, sympathy, and interest, have journeyed thither to see our new countrymen and hear them tell of their strange life.

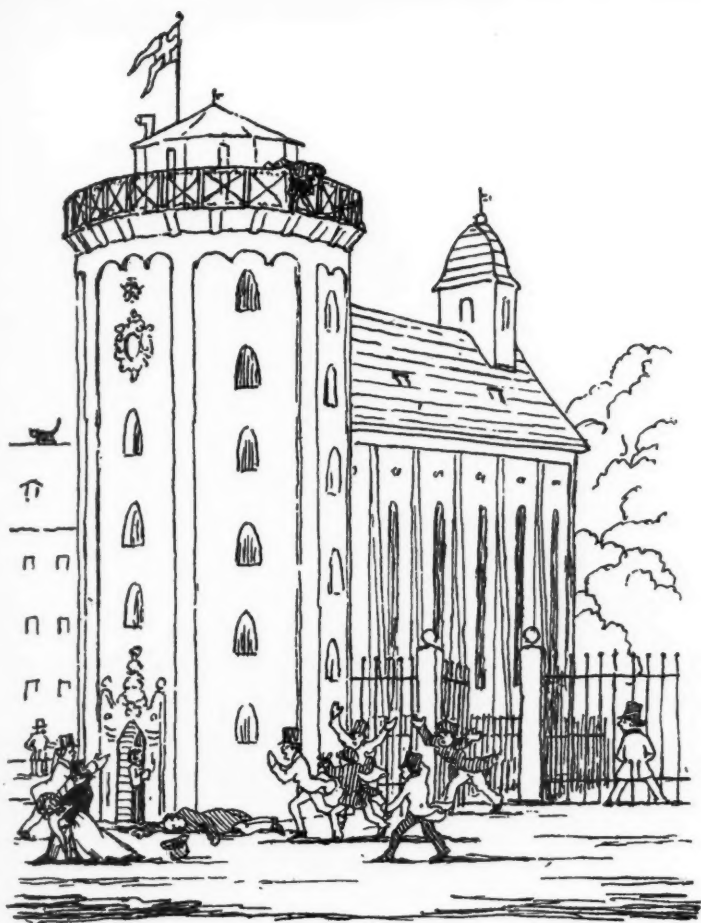
A national fund is now being collected in Sweden for the new arrivals. With this money small farming lots will be purchased for those among them who are capable of taking their life and future into their own hands and find their sustenance from Sweden's soil. A great



MAJOR BERGGREN, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, WITH A GROUP OF SWEDISH NURSES

number of them have previously been home owners, many running large and lucrative farms, while others have worked as farm hands. Of the already collected money, 100,000 kronor have been set aside to purchase suitable farming land, with which a beginning of the colonization will be made. It seems that the Swedish island of Gotland, in the Baltic Sea, will be selected for this purpose. Aside from the fact that good land can be acquired here at reasonable prices, the isolated location of the island will undoubtedly suit the Gammalsvenskby people well. Farming and living conditions are here very excellent, and the people of this distant island still preserve many old-fashioned traits. Those of the colonists who have already found work on Gotland have expressed themselves as well pleased. They write that they are contented and only wish that they had farms of their own. In fact, wherever men and women from Gammalsvenskby have been allotted new homes and work has been found for them, they have settled to their new existence with pleasure and satisfaction. And their employers have testified that they are good and industrious workers, full of interest in their duties and quick to make themselves acquainted with Swedish working methods, although these are very different from what they were used to in their old home.

It is with joy and perhaps also with a bit of pride that we Swedes have found that the Gammalsvenskby colonists are still Swedish peasants in their hearts, with their merits and their little faults. The Swedish characteristics shine through and have, in fact, been preserved intact. Their religion is Swedish; their love for liberty and for home is Swedish, and their language is still Swedish in spite of the long years in a foreign land. And it is to Sweden that they turned during the heavy days of oppression and hunger. Sweden has, in reply, brought them help on many occasions. Its last move, when Russia's grip on them loosened, was to open wide its arms to them, bid them welcome home, and arrange everything for them as well as possible so that they will be happy here and find their future livelihood from Sweden's land.



"Heavens, did you hurt yourself?"

*Fritz
Jürgensen's
Thumb
Nail
Sketches
of Old
Copenhagen
in
the
Eighteen-
fifties*

BETWEEN THE RAMPARTS

By GEORG NYGAARD

ONE MUST, it is to be supposed, be a native of Copenhagen in order to appreciate to the full the peculiar humor of Fritz Jürgensen, who has, in drawings and text, put Copenhagen of the 1850s on paper. But even though his satire is strongly conditioned by the time and the place, yet it is in many ways so universally human that every one can find something in it to enjoy. He made his drawings, with the accompanying text, for his own pleasure and that of his own intimate circle of friends. It was not until the later years of his life that he was persuaded to permit a collection of them to be published. Since that time his drawings have been published again and again.



RIGHT SHOULDER ARMS

"Did you see that, Caroline? Do you suppose his intentions are serious?"

Copenhagen was at that time a small town of scarcely 130,000 inhabitants. (It now has more than 500,000.) It lay squeezed in between the old ramparts, dating from 1658, and it had all the characteristics of a provincial town. Its inhabitants lived so close to each other that they were almost like one family. Each knew the other's weaknesses, and it was perhaps thoughtlessness rather than malice that led each to impart to his neighbor any bit of scandal that came his way.



THE MORNING AFTER

Mr. Ill-at-Ease is thinking of what he could have said,

Fritz Jürgensen had a keen eye for the little weaknesses of these small-town people and for that which was ridiculous in them, and he directed his satire against them in a manner that was without rancor but highly amusing and effective. He was not a social reformer, nor was he a satirist in the grand manner. It was the comic side of the little, everyday situations that appealed to him and that he made others see. Many of the captions which he attached to his drawings have become winged words and live to this day on the lips of the people.

But Fritz Jürgensen's texts and his drawings can no more be considered separately than can the words and music of Bellman. They must be



CHAFFER

"No, my boy, you keep your eight skillings and let the woman keep her oranges."

enjoyed together. From an artistic viewpoint the drawings are open to criticism. Their technique is not dazzling. But few have had Fritz Jürgensen's ability to seize upon the pith of a given situation and to give to a face the precise expression which fits that situation. The mimicry and the words become one, as they do with a great actor on the stage.

Fritz Jürgensen had no real artistic training. His father was court watchmaker and Inspector-General of the public clocks in Copenhagen. The firm exists to this day and is famous the world over for its chronometers. Fritz Jürgensen became a watchmaker, and it was not until he had reached a mature age that he began to cultivate art. He gave up active participation in the watch business, but retained his position as Inspector-General which carried with it the duty of inspecting the clocks in the royal palaces.

He was born in the heart of Copenhagen, in Östergade itself, the main section of the city, on October 25, 1818. A part of his family inheritance was a not uncommon



A NARROW PAVEMENT

Mr. Thomsen is anxious to lift his umbrella higher than anyone else.



REFINED CONVERSATION

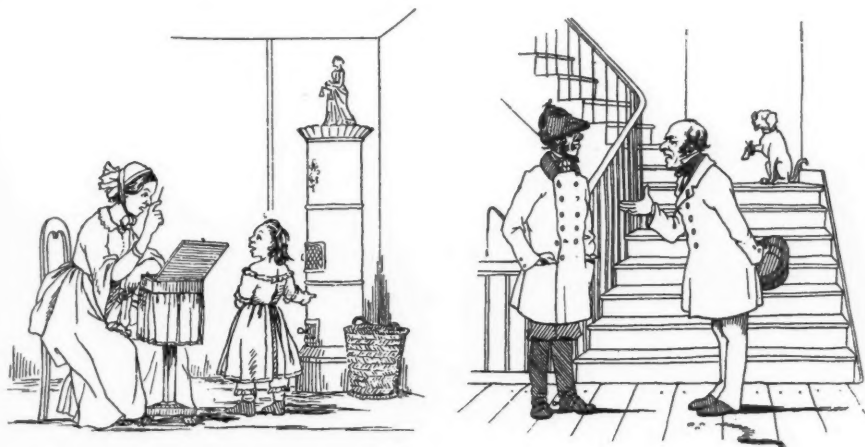
First Scene: "It cannot be denied that the arrangement was exceedingly tasteful."

Second Scene: "Yes, is it not your impression also that an impression which grips us, so to speak, with the rapidity of lightning, at the first moment of perception, is a purely psychic effect?"



WHEN FATHER WAS STILL AN AUTHORITY

"Let us hear what the Chancery Counsellor has to say."—"Yes, uncle, what do you think?"—"Hm, yes,—as regards this matter there is a great deal to be said both pro and con."



DOMESTIC TROUBLES

Left: "Mother, Petrine is stealing the Chamberlain's wood and putting it in our stove."—"Hush, do you suppose the Chamberlain minds a little thing like that?"

Right: "You are a veterinary? Most respectable, but as a physician I protest against your patients biting my patients."



THE MUSICAL CRITIC

"Brava! brava! That was a beautiful composition. Was it not something from Beethoven's quartette in sharp minor?"—"Heavens, no, I was only polishing the keys with a piece of flannel."



MODESTY

"God preserve us, I take off my hat to Van Dyck, but everybody has his good points."



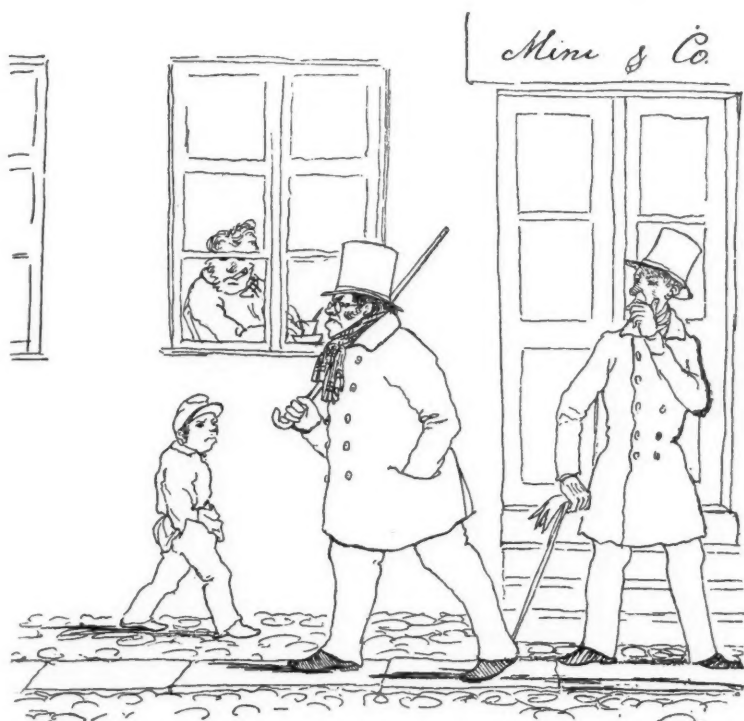
OFFICIALS

"Just ask for the cigars that Judge Mikkelsen always buys. The girl will know what I want."



REHEARSING

"Your Excellency. . . It would be immodest to ask a raise for the whole staff—I ask it only for myself."



DON'T STOP HIM!

A musician is on his way to the orchestra where, at the end of the second act, he is to strike one blow on the gong.



AT HIS EXCELLENCY'S
"My name is Thomsen."



A DANDY AND WIT
"Heavens, Caroline, did you hear what he said?"



KITCHEN AND PARLOR

"I've taken away the kitchen chair, but now, God help me, she has him sitting on the chopping-block. The other day when my husband and I were away, my daughter and her fiancé were sitting in the twilight—and keeping very still—of course—when they heard the maid let her sweetheart into the kitchen, and she kept him there for two hours. It's really intolerable—in a decent house."

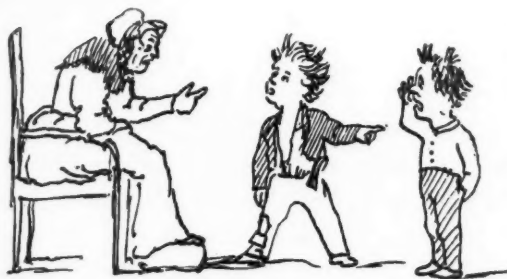
(Note the two pictures on the wall.)

recurrent malady. Normally he was fond of society, lively, full of gay conceits and jokes of all sorts. In periods of depression he sought solitude, was melancholy, prone to despair and self-reproach.

On March 24, 1863, Fritz Jürgensen died of tuberculosis at the age of 44. The stone on his grave describes him as "Court Watchmaker Georg Frederik Jürgensen." Perfectly decorous and respectable, as the man himself really was. But posterity has forgotten this bourgeois. Fritz Jürgensen the artist, on the other hand, will never be forgotten in Denmark.

The artist Fritz Jürgensen is the quiet observer of trifling situations whose comic aspect has not dawned on the victims themselves. Look, for example, at Judge Mikkelsen, who is recommending his favorite brand of cigars.

"Just ask for the cigars that Judge Mikkelsen always buys." The subordinate official with the fifth-rate title of Justice of the Peace is



WAR

"First I hit him first—and then he hit me first."

for the moment master of the situation and has at the same time the opportunity of rising in his own estimation by designating himself briefly as "Judge."

The thoughtless use of a phrase has—at all events for the Copenhagener—found an unforgettable expression in the picture of the man who

has just fallen from the Round Tower and the crowd rushing to the spot. "Heavens! Did you hurt yourself?"

Another everyday phrase has been immortalized in the suppliant who bursts in at the door to His Excellency,—*"My name is Thomsen . . . !"*

Quite priceless is the family scene where a difficult problem has been discussed and appeal is finally made to the pride and light of the family, the Counsellor of Chancery, whose stupid inanities are listened to with great reverence.

Fritz Jürgensen evidently had a keen eye for the quiet comedy of the home. The fifties were the days of long engagements. Relations between the sexes were exceedingly refined. A young man was supposed to carry on elegant conversation with the young ladies of the house. That was the time that created the so-called "weak-tea philosophy." Fritz Jürgensen has undoubtedly come in close contact with it in his bourgeois circle. In two of his drawings he presents the same couple. Their expressions are inimitable as they exchange polite vaporings.

Fritz Jürgensen possessed a special and original talent. He was a modest man and yet hardly devoid of self-esteem. At any rate he might rightly have applied to himself the lines which he placed under his picture of the portrait painter, "God preserve us, I take off my hat to Van Dyck; but everyone has his good points."



PREPAREDNESS

"Ride farther away! Don't you know that we're a whole regiment?"

(This drawing and the one above are from the "Gysse Book" dedicated to the artist's small nephew.)

A Norman King in Sicily

By NEILSON ABEEL

SICILY has always been a main outpost on the highways of civilization, not from choice but from necessity. This lovely island, which has been called "the garden of the Mediterranean" is so situated geographically that all who sail the length of the great sea must pass it coming or going. The earliest records of Sicily are buried

in obscurity, but Virgil in the *Aeneid* indicates clearly that the Trojans knew of its existence. For Aeneas sailed through the Straits of Messina and passed the dread rocks of Scylla and Charybdis on his voyage north, which ended in the founding of Rome and the nation destined to rule Sicily.

Many peoples and civilizations have passed over the island since the dawn of history, and its inhabitants have a mixed ancestry. The first known tribes who dwelt there were the Sikels and Sikans, and these were followed by the Phoenicians and Greeks. It was in Sicily that Rome first matched herself against



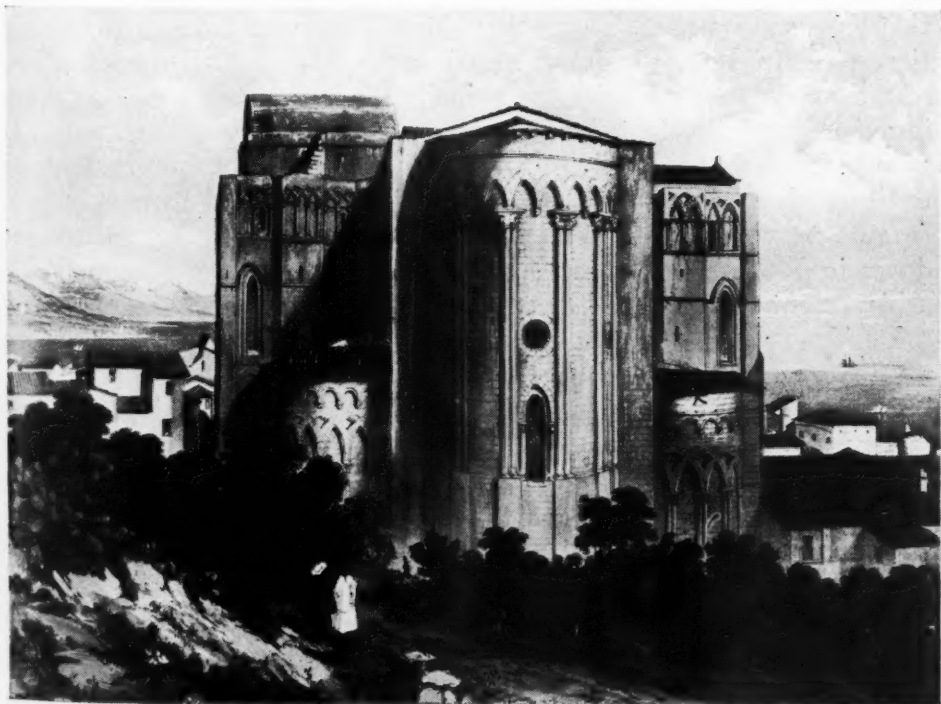
MOSAIC PORTRAIT OF KING ROGER IN THE CHURCH OF LA MARTORANA, PALERMO

the power of Carthage, and began the wars which made her mistress of the world. Fifteen times within the last three thousand years conquest has swept over Sicily and each conqueror has left a trace. Phoenicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Byzantines, Goths, Vandals, Saracens, Normans, Germans, the houses of Anjou and Aragon, the Spanish Bourbons, the French and the English, all have held Sicily and all have passed into history. Sicily today is part of the Italian kingdom.

Of all the conquests, however, the Norman was the most romantic. These vikings from Scandinavia had already made one of the fairest French provinces their own, but urged on by an eternal wanderlust, a band from Normandy sailed to Sicily and took service as mercenaries under one of the Saracen chiefs of the Island. The leader of the Normans was Roger d'Hautville, a man of indomitable courage and iron nerve. Not satisfied with his treatment at the hands of the Saracens, he turned upon them and after the battle of Castrogiovanni in 1061 became master of Sicily, although it took years to oust the remaining Moslems entirely.

Roger I, the Great Count, as he was called, had the wisdom not to change the manners and customs of his new domain, and allowed all his subjects to speak their own languages and to keep their own laws. He succeeded so well in founding a kingdom that when his son came to the throne in 1101, at the age of four, the country was quiet and in a sound financial condition. The first Roger had had little time to spend cultivating the arts, and it was not until the son grew up that the intellectual life of the kingdom began to blossom.

It was quite natural that even as early as 1120 Byzantine men of letters should have flocked to Sicily. Already the Moslem hosts were



THE CATHEDRAL OF CEFALÙ, BUILT BY ROGER II

pressing on to Constantinople and the capital of the East was no longer the safe place it had been under the great emperors. Sicily offered safety and quiet and, greatest inducement of all, Roger II showed a growing interest in learning. He was a linguist of no mean ability himself and delighted not only in the company of Greek scholars, but also of Moslem, whom he treated with a toleration and equality centuries ahead of his time. It is recorded that whenever a learned man came into his presence, the king rose to meet him and led him to a seat of honor by his side.

There were many Arabs attached to his court, the most famous of whom was the geographer, Edrisi, known as "the Strabo of the Arabs." He had studied at the University of Cordova and became Roger's guide in the humane sciences. Edrisi and his royal pupil set out to learn in a spirit of experimentation and speculation which would do credit to modern scientists. The king had a passion for mathematics and geography, and augmenting what he and Edrisi already knew with the testimony of travelers from all parts of the world, they set about their task. For fourteen years they worked, and the result of it all was a silver sphere on which was reproduced so far as was then known, the topographical features of the earth's surface. Thus these two men anticipated by several centuries the discovery that the earth is round. They also wrote a book intended as an explanation of the sphere, which contained descriptions of all the countries of the world, together with the principal legends and stories concerning them, and illustrated with a series of carefully drawn maps. It was an immense and erudite work and was not published in Europe until nearly five centuries after Roger had died, and then only in a fragmentary condition. While, of course, much of the knowledge set down in Roger's book was hopelessly inexact, it was a remarkable achievement for the twelfth century.

Besides Edrisi and the other scientists who surrounded the king, there were also poets and theologians. One of the latter, the Archimandrite Nilus, was especially bold and modern in his questioning attitude towards the dogmas of the Church. He published a pamphlet in which he took exception to the Pope's claim to primacy, and declared him to be only co-equal with the patriarchs of Constantinople, Alexandria, and Antioch. It was a brave man who dared express himself so freely in a day when the Church was rapidly becoming all powerful, and had it not been for Roger's tacit support, it might have meant death. Roger was unorthodox and was considered a heretic by the Pope, and because he respected the religious differences of his subjects, it was even rumored that he had become a Moslem. This, however, seems highly

improbable when one remembers that he erected such gems of Christian ecclesiastical architecture as the Cathedral of Cefalù, the Capella Palatina, and the church of St. Giovanni degli Eremiti.

History also had a place at Roger's court in the persons of Falco and Alexander of Telesse. Both of these men with their vigorous styles and keen insight into the events of their own time were historians of the first rank. Falco was a Lombard and not a supporter of the Norman dynasty, while Alexander was inclined to look upon Roger as a demi-god. The most interesting result of the difference between these men is the conflicting opinions of the character of the king.

Architecture was one of Roger's delights, and the churches which he erected will rank as his greatest legacy to the future. His own favorite was the Cathedral of Cefalù, but the Capella Palatina in Palermo is certainly the most glorious. It stands now in the center of a huge and ugly palace erected much later. The Gothic cathedrals of the North may be more spiritual in outline, but this little chapel, the product of a diverse civilization will always remain one of the most beautiful of shrines. Its Norman doors of bronze, its Byzantine dome and mosaics, its Saracenic arches, and the Moslem inscriptions on its walls testify to the many races ruled by the Norman king. The church of St. Giovanni, with its five red domes, looks almost like a mosque, but its interior and the lovely ruins of its Norman cloister proclaim it Christian. The successors of Roger carried on this noble architectural tradition and built the splendid Cathedral of Monreale which stands on a hillside overlooking Palermo; it marks the culmination of Norman art in Sicily.

It was a remarkable thing, this "Golden Age" in Sicily, flourishing a full century and a half before the beginning of the Renaissance in Italy. Petrarch is often spoken of as the first modern man, and this may be true as far as the Renaissance proper is concerned, but Roger II was also a modern. He was too versatile to be called either a scientist or an artist, but he was a humanist above all. His amazing religious toleration, his interest in learning of all kinds, his keen desire to discover new facts in the realm of science mark him as a man far ahead of his age.

In Palermo are many buildings erected by the French and Spanish during their periods of domination; but all this rococo architecture is forgotten when one reaches the great Cathedral which is the sepulchre of the Norman kings. They lie in porphyry sarcophagi, simple and grand and worthy of the royal dust which they contain. It is strange to think that here are men of the same race who conquered Britain and who first saw the shores of America.

Mother Karin at Southcourt Farm

By HILDUR DIXELIUS

Translated from the Swedish by

ANNA C. SETTERGREN

IT HAPPENED in the living-room of a large farm on Christmas Eve, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The hanging lamp in the kitchen was lit and shed its light from beneath a large tin shade. The wooden floor was newly scoured and white, with strips of rag carpet spread from door to door and in front of the kitchen range. The tables by the window were covered with white linen cloths on which were placed three-branched candles in massive pewter candlesticks. A linen cloth was spread also on the long table in the middle of the kitchen. On it were still standing the remains of the midday meal: black bread and bolted bread, pork sausage and smoked shoulder of mutton. The cover of the almost empty ale tankard was gaping; the cloth was glued to the table by a big damp stain made by the Yule ale; the chairs had been shoved aside without any sense of order, and the rug beneath the table had seemingly been kicked into a heap.

A young woman was standing by the fire. Pothook in one hand and kitchen glove in the other, she lifted the heavy stock pot on to the hearth, and poured the stock into a yellow earthenware jar which she put away in the larder. Then she swept the hearth and cleared the table.

Her movements, though heavy, were still surprisingly soft and gentle.

When she had cleared the table, she went on to arrange the chairs along the walls, pulled out the tumbled rug, swept up the crumbs, and put a clean cloth on the table. Then she went into the adjoining room, returning a few minutes later with a little Christmas tree which she placed in the middle of the big table.

She stood still, gazing at the tree.

It was for the sake of the children, or

else there would have been no question of a Christmas tree in the house. Even as it was, the Christmas tree seemed out of place, she thought.

She began straightening the little wax tapers which she had fixed on the tree in the forenoon. An odd sensation stole over her—a desire to ask the tree to forgive her for having brought it here where neither the peace nor the joy of Christmas dwelt.

Memories from the days of her childhood arose; the voice of her mother telling her flock of children that the Angel of Christmas went past the house within the walls of which there lived naughty children.

That angel would surely go past this house. For here lived that which was worse than naughty children: sin lived here, sin and the darkest crime. She remembered her own bitter tears once when she had been disobedient and her mother had told her how she had seen the angel go past without coming into the house. She wanted to cry now, to shed far more bitter tears.

Noise and bustle from the upper story made her start; her features took on a hard, harsh expression, but she remained standing by the table. Would they come downstairs now? When this state of things was inevitable, could they not at least remain upstairs! Was it not enough for her to have to put up with their presence in the house, to know what people said about the manner of life led at Southcourt Farm. Could they not at least leave her and the children in peace.

The bustle and the noise increased, and she could distinguish the raucous voices. Presently a door was being shut, and all was quiet.

A sense of bitterness seized her, bitterness so intense that it was physically painful. Oh yes, this was the result of their striving to get her married to the rich owner of Southcourt Farm. Still, it was too bad to blame it all on her parents. She had taken up the entire burden, believing herself sufficiently strong to bear it—to bear it to the end, and without complaining.

But Christmas was ever difficult. The anxiety as to how she was to get through it came over her a long time before each Christmas like a suffering that she had to endure.

As she now stood there, she began to wonder how a human being could become what he, her husband, had become. How could he endure living the life he led? At Christmas time it was worse than ever, beginning with Christmas Eve when his friends and boon companions came from everywhere, remaining with him until the third or fourth day after Christmas, and sometimes for a whole week.

She was aware—and this knowledge was even worse to bear—that some of them had wives and children sitting at home and cursing Southcourt Farm for robbing them of their Christmas joy.

She was powerless to change matters. All she could do was to attempt giving her children some little Christmas joy. She would make this Christmas like those of the three past years, all of which had been spent in the same manner. She could see it all.

A glint came into her eyes, and a girlish blush mantled her cheeks. She began to arrange the table, settled the tree in the center, got out the large saffron rings, the gingerbread pigs and red apples, raisins, dried plums, and candles, arranging them in three stacks—for Erik and Anders, and for Jonas, the serving-man. There was one candle for each stack. When she had arranged it all, she remained standing a moment surveying the result. But her thoughts were far away.

She went to the window facing the

yard. The boys looked like two black dots where they stood in the snow watching Jonas tying the Christmas sheaf to the mountain ash. They would come indoors presently, and the sight of the Christmas treat would please them.

She walked across to the window facing the lake and stood there watching. The winter road across the frozen and snow-covered lake was dotted with young spruce trees. It was that road she watched in the twilight as long as she could distinguish anything at all.

Now she gave up deceiving herself any longer, acknowledging that it was him she had waited for all the day. And not only that. Ever since he had left the house last Christmas she had wondered and asked herself if he would return this year.

He had come the last three years—always on Christmas Eve, and always in the forenoon—asking if he might stay over the Festival. Would he come this year, too? Anguish—suffocating anguish—seized her.

Just then she caught sight of a dark object away on the lake. It moved. It came nearer and nearer. It was a man steering a sled on which was a travelling bag.

It was he. That was how he had come last Christmas.

If anybody had asked her who he was, she would have said—if she had given any answer—that he was a salesman vending white neckerchiefs with blue and red borders, soft little shawls in red and blue and white, little dolls of white cotton-wool, beribboned with strips of red and yellow paper, and little brownies with the quaintest of red caps on their tiny heads. And she would have said that he knew the prettiest fairy tales which he told to the children; that he knew songs, both sad and gay; but that she had exchanged too few words with him to know who he was.

And all this would have been the truth.

But it would also have been the truth if she had replied that this, that was approaching across the lake, was *her* Christmas, the still, quiet Christmas joy which was hers, and which she herself could neither fathom nor understand.

She leaned her arms against the window-frame as she stood watching the road across the lake.

She was tall of stature and fair, strongly built, yet lithe and slender. The young mistress of Southcourt Farm was spoken of as a handsome woman. The organist at the little country church and his wife were her parents, and they were poor. Presumably it was her beauty that had attracted the rich owner of Southcourt Farm.

She went out into the porch and called the children who ploughed their way through the snowdrifts. The snow reached to their shoulders. She took up the broom to brush the snow from their clothes.

"You must not stay out any longer now."

"Is it Christmas Eve, then? Really Christmas Eve?" asked six-year-old Anders.

"Yes, it is."

"And do we get Christmas goodies, and apples and candles and . . ."

"Yes, you do."

"And is he coming to tell fairy tales to us, and sing to us as he did last Christmas?"

She felt the blood rushing into her cheeks. Just imagine the boy's remembering it—remembering him! She stroked the hair back from his forehead with something resembling a caress.

"Then you must buy some of those white dolls to put on the Christmas tree, as you did last year," the boy went on without noticing that his question had not been answered.

She turned round. When she found that the stranger had reached the yard, she ushered the children into the kitchen.

Jonas, sitting at his accustomed seat by the table, looked pleased as he saw

the mistress enter. His plain face lit up as he said,—

"Ay, and another year has gone. It does not seem long since we were gathered like this." He made a gesture towards the decked Christmas table.

"That sounds good, Jonas. One does not pine for a change when one feels that time flies," she said, giving him a friendly nod. Jonas was a treasure, after all; somewhat dull and slow, a little blunt, but as honest and true as steel.

Jonas was on the point of making some remark when the door opened.

"Happy Christmas to all of you! And thanks for the Christmas that was a year ago!"

It was a bright, clear voice that spoke.

He put the bag on the floor and turned down his coat collar. She offered him a chair. His eyes followed her movements. His features were clear and finely chiselled and the eyes were good and kind.

"May I sell you anything today?" There was an almost merry ring in his voice.

"Have you those white dolls? Like those you had last time?" asked Anders, who had walked up to the stranger's side and was now patting the bag.

"Yes, my boy, I have. And I have books for you to read. A B C books with a big fine cock who lays pennies and apples when you have done your lessons properly."

"Then I'll learn to read, so I can read to Mother."

"That's right."

"But you must sing to her. She says you sing so beautifully."

The stranger lifted the boy on to his knee. The child's mother turned away and began to busy herself with something inside the cupboard.

He sat there looking ahead, his features expressing disappointment. Presently he put the child down on the floor and walked across to where she stood.

"I guess I am not welcome today, Mother Karin?" he said, eyeing her with

a questioning look. "It was my intention to ask if I might bide over Christmas at Southcourt Farm once more. But"—and there came a touch of challenge in his voice—"if I may not . . . Don't think that I cannot celebrate Christmas out among the snowdrifts. I can call up the spirit and atmosphere of Christmas wherever I choose. That depends on one's mind. On nothing else."

The blood rushed into her cheeks. But her glance was steady as her eyes met his, and she said,—

"True. I believe it depends only on one's mind. But why then do you come here? Surely Southcourt does not inspire a Christmas frame of mind?"

He looked at her as if he wanted to read her innermost thoughts.

"No. It's true Southcourt cannot inspire a Christmas frame of mind." There was a challenge in his voice, and he turned on his heel and went back to his seat, whereupon he began to fasten the straps of his bag.

She stood still, watching his every movement. It was easy to see the battle of conflicting emotions within her.

When he rose to go, both the boys flew to his side.

"No. You must not go! You must sing to Mother, and you must tell fairy tales to us just as you did last year."

He had moved nearer her.

"Let it be as the children want it," she said without meeting his glance. "But I must go up and speak to him first. He has the right to settle who is to be entertained for Christmas at Southcourt."

She went out in the entry and up the stairs.

A big lantern lit up the loft. Thick clouds of tobacco smoke flapped around her, and the sounds of coarse, rough voices struck her ear as she opened the door to the west gable attic. The voices softened a little as she was seen standing in the doorway.

"Dear me! Mother herself coming! To what occasion am I indebted for this

honor?" It was her husband who spoke.

She remained on the threshold while conveying the request.

"Does he ask for a roof over his head? Certainly—Southcourt has rooms enough. And show him up here. We will give him a jolly good nightcap as well. Send the fry too! Let them come! You need not teach them to despise their father simply because he honors the old customs of his home! You understand, boys, that this is the time-honored custom of Southcourt. My father, and my grandfather, too—'Christmas is a time of joy,' says the parson. Your health, boys!" He held out his hand to Karin, but she was already gone.

Jonas had lit the three-branched candles in the kitchen, and the children were standing by their respective Christmas stacks, when she returned.

The stranger sat near the window by one of the smaller tables.

She remained standing in the doorway; a gleam swept across her features as if a fair and comforting thought had come to her. She forgot the anguish and the inward struggle of a moment ago. She would endeavor to make things as bright and Christmas-like as possible for them all. She went to the table where he was sitting.

"He says that Southcourt is sufficiently large and roomy; if you like to stay, there is nothing to prevent you. He never turns anybody away from the door; least of all at Christmas time."

He looked at her and nodded.

"Thank you! I will stay then."

Now he lifted the bag up on the table and began unpacking it. He put red-coated brownies on the Christmas tree and placed pretty cotton-wool dolls on the children's Christmas stacks. Anders got a tin train with engine and five carriages, and Erik got a wooden horse with mane and tail of real horsehair. When their mother told them to thank him properly, he lifted them both up, putting one on each knee.

She had seated herself by the table and

was turning the leaves of the book taken down from the shelf. It was the Bible, and she was looking for the Christmas story which is found in the Gospel of St. Luke, and which she used to read every Christmas. It had been the custom of her childhood home to do so.

She read it in clear, distinct tones. Ander's eyes were fixed on her and she saw that he listened to her reading. But Erik was leaning his dark-haired head against the stranger's shoulder; he had gone to sleep.

"... Peace on earth, good will to men."

"What is peace, Mother?"

"The same as happiness."

"What is happiness, then, Mother?"

It was some little time after New Year. The rays of the afternoon sun slanted in through the kitchen windows at Southcourt. A strange stillness reigned within. The old clock on the wall ticked loud and clear and firm, but it ticked a little slowly, as if it wanted to lengthen the minutes.

Karin sat in a low chair by the bed—a big, built-in bedstead painted yellow and hung with curtains and valences of some flowered material. The master at Southcourt was seriously ill.

Now he was resting. It was difficult to decide whether he was asleep or in a coma.

Karin's sewing had dropped, and her hands lay idle in her lap. Her head felt so queer and heavy, probably as a result of anxiety and much thinking. She had never thought that life could hold such burdensome periods of time as that which she had spent by this sickbed. But the pain that fretted her very soul was not wrought by the anxiety lest she should lose him and be left alone; it was the sense of guilt that weighed her down, crushed her. And she knew now that man has no heavier burden to bear than that sense of guilt.

It was true, she had told him that the vow to love him must come from the

lips only, but she had promised that her vow of faithfulness should come from the heart. Not for a moment had she doubted her strength to keep that vow. Not for a moment—until he, the other one, had crossed her path. Even so, she had trusted her own strength, trusted it until the moment when she felt powerless to move a finger; till the moment when, held in his embrace, she knew herself to be the weakest of the weak. If this illness had not come and placed them by the crossroads, things would probably have adjusted themselves somehow. Now she felt utterly crushed.

The invalid had waked up and pulled the curtain aside. His face was big, with coarse features and a reddish beard. Now the illness had imprinted its stamp of suffering on this face.

The look of his eyes, as he fixed them on her, arrested her; it was so keen, so strangely glowing. His temperature would have risen, she surmised. But no, his forehead felt cool to her hand.

"Have you slept?" she asked in the hushed tone that had become habitual to her of late.

"No. Nor have I any time to spare for sleeping. You must realize that I have a lot of things that I need to think about."

She made no reply. She sat down again after having moved her chair nearer his bed.

The illness had wrought a great change in him. Or was there, after all, a spark of justice and goodness in his soul? Maybe precept and example had warped, from his earliest years, that which was destined for something better and nobler. Thoughts—fumbling and seeking thoughts—whirled through her brain.

But now he spoke.

"I have thought of you, Karin, thought much of you during this time."

He ceased speaking, and her heart beat fast. She had never before heard him speak thus.

"Not that I feel uneasy about your welfare after I am gone. The papers are in

order; you have enough for your own and the children's wants. Enough and to spare. But I have been horrid to you."

He seemed to have thought much over that which he now said. Though his voice was weak, the words came clear and distinct.

"No, you have not," she replied in a voice that she herself did not recognize.

"You must not exonerate my actions now. Had you gone away and left me, it would have been no sin on your part. Although it would have hurt me sorely had you done so. But you must know that I have never been satisfied, in the depths of my heart, with the life I have been living. This will sound queer to you. But I want you to believe that I have often longed to live an orderly and quiet life with you and the children. And yet—to break out of the rut—I could not do it, though the longing to break away came when I saw you, saw what a woman you were."

He turned his head slightly and fixed his eyes on her.

"If you had not been what you are, it might have been worse for me. You always remained tranquil; you never complained or made it apparent that you found your life burdensome. You kept your vow of faithfulness. It was all this that made me forever discontented with myself. In the depths of my heart and mind I was forever yearning for something else. During all the years of our marriage I have been like one at the point of drowning. You wanted to drag me out of the water, but your efforts were of no avail. Still, you saved me from sinking. You always held my head above the water."

She had several times tried to interrupt him, but he had prevented her from doing so. Now she felt that she could not endure hearing any more. Every one of his words burned her like red hot iron. And yet she felt powerless to tell him this, to tell him that she was unworthy, that she was not what he thought her to be. A sob escaped her lips, and she sank

down on her knees by his bedside.

He raised his hand as if to lay it on her head.

"No," he said, "One who has cursed all his life cannot pronounce a blessing. But I want to thank you, Karin."

Both were silent.

The door of the adjoining room burst open, and Anders came running in pulling the little toy train by a piece of string. Going to his mother's side, he put the toy in her lap.

"Put it up on the shelf, Mother."

As if stricken with fear, she pushed the child aside. Should she confess everything? It might be too late tomorrow. Yes, she would, although she knew that to do so would add to his sufferings and embitter his last hours. Take away from him the only thing in which he had ever trusted? No, she could not do it! She it was who ought to suffer—not he.

She hid her face in the coverlet. Thus she lay a long while.

When she lifted her head again, she felt a sense of having been transported into some far away region. She had been there whither the soul of man cannot travel unless borne by despair. It seemed to her that the spot on which she knelt was hallowed. And hence her promise became a sacred vow, the vow that saved him from that last suffering and left the punishment for her to bear.

To bear the loss of her life's dream of happiness—bear it for the rest of her life—that was to be her penitence, willingly undertaken. Her widow's weeds should be her penitential garb until the end of her days.

Four years have passed. Mother Karin has been out in the storehouse fetching food. She enters the kitchen with an armful of bread.

The kitchen is trimmed for Christmas, as always. The hanging lamp sheds its light from underneath its tin shade, sheds it on the dazzling white cloth covering the long table, sheds it on Christmas tree

and branched candles, and on Christmas stacks of goodies.

"It sounds as if we were going to have sharp frost tonight. The frost snaps in the timbers, if my old ears are not mistaken." It was an old woman sitting near the window by one of the small tables, who spoke.

The old woman was an aunt of Karin's late husband. Karin had taken her into the house shortly after her husband's death. She was a pious, peaceful old woman. Below the snow-white hair, parted in the middle and curtaining her forehead, there gleamed a pair of kindly blue eyes filled with hope. She seldom spoke, but her words were always listened to, for what she said was always wise and kind.

Karin removed the black woollen shawl from her head.

"Yes, the night is sure to be cold."

The old woman nodded.

"Poor things who have no home! God help all those children of the roads and the forest paths," she said, not noticing the changed expression in Karin's face, but continuing, "One thing you must explain to me, Karin. I cannot keep from thinking about it. You, who have a heart for those in distress, and never shut your doors to anybody, you did nevertheless shut the door to that nice salesman who came asking for a roof over his head during the Christmas Festival these last two years. That was your own business, and I say nothing about it. Still, you realize that I did wonder at it. Has he not been seen in these parts this year?"

"No, he has not."

"I suppose he will not come, then."

"Probably not."

"Well! That may be just as well."

"Yes, that may be just as well."

Karin's features have undergone a change of late; there is an expression of deep, abiding peace in her face. Now, as she is walking about the house busied with household cares, this expression is still more noticeable.

She lights the tapers on the Christmas tree which stands on the table while the children are pressing close to her. Then she places the chairs round the table.

"Come along, Auntie! Come along, Jonas! Come, children!"

When she has gathered them all, she opens the Bible. Once more she reads the Christmas Gospel.

". . . Peace on earth, good will to men."

Anders has grown more and more thoughtful as the years have passed.

"Mother, I can never understand what is meant by 'peace.'"

Karin pats his head.

"When you feel absolutely secure, then you have peace."

"But I don't always feel secure. Sometimes I feel so uneasy."

She strokes his hair caressingly once more.

"Why do you feel uneasy? If you always try to do what is right, then you will always feel secure."

"But it is not any fun to be good always, Mother. Then I would have to give away all I own, and always do what Erik likes. I want to do as I like sometimes."

She kisses the child. But there is a far-away look in her eyes, as she says,—

"When you are grown up you will understand. You are too young yet. But it is like this, you see, that one cannot pay too great a price for peace."

Just then the door opens and a short little man enters the kitchen. He is dressed in a white sheepskin jacket and a black cap of the same kind of skin. He keeps his cap on while addressing Karin.

"My message is a peculiar one. Mine is not a greeting from the master, but from a poor thing who came to our house last Friday. He was ill, and was put to bed."

The man has a shrill voice and small, gray, restless eyes. His glance flutters about as he speaks.

"He died last night. But he gave me

this before he died, asking me to hand it over to you, to Mother Karin at South-court Farm, he said."

He places a crumpled piece of white paper in front of Karin and goes away.

Silent, with bowed head, Karin unfolds the paper. It contains a narrow little ring of gold that she once gave him.

A still light gleams in her eyes.

"What it it, Mother?"

"Nothing, child."

"Go on reading then, Mother!"

Karin has bowed her head. She seems to read to herself.

". . . My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth . . ."



Reconciliation

By SIGFRID SIWERTZ

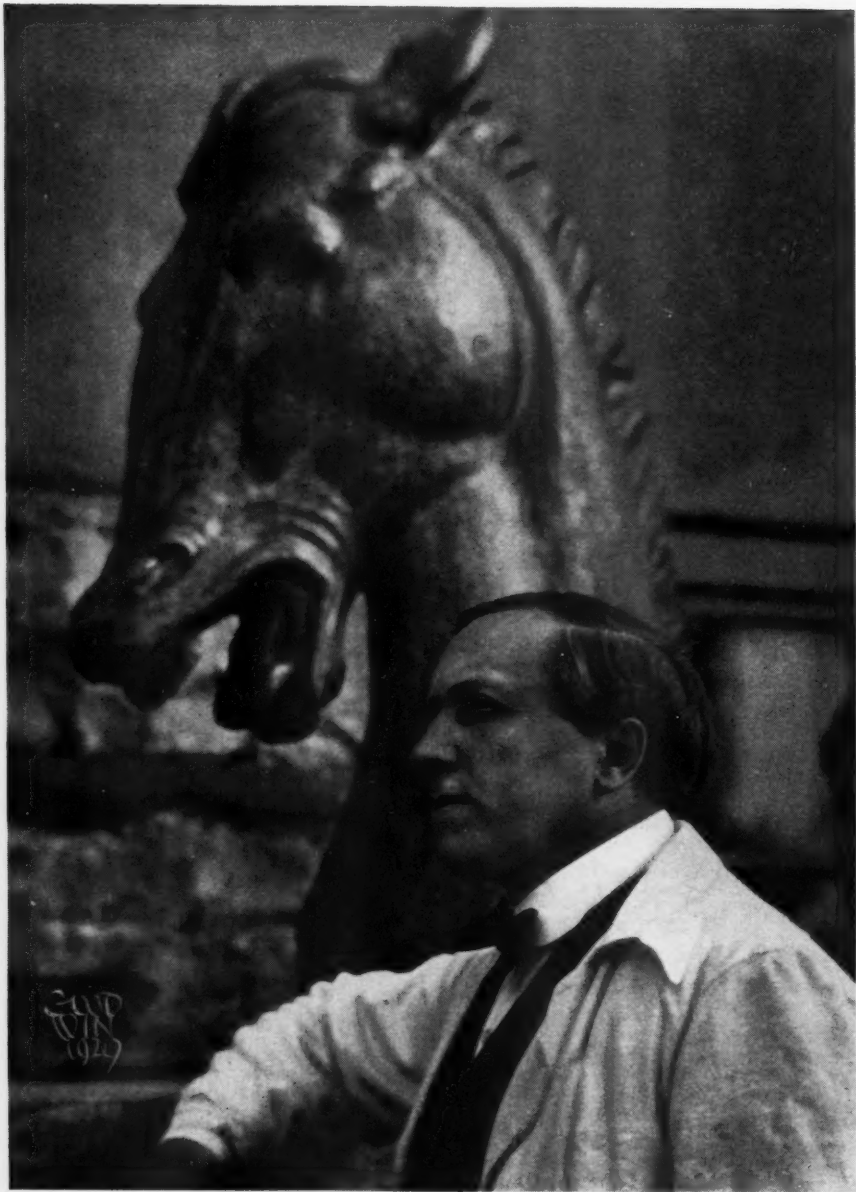
Translated from the Swedish by EVALD B. LAWSON

Daytime!
And I walk
In sparkling sunshine,
And power gushes
Through my soul
As all my being throbs
And leaps in exultant mood,
Proclaiming:
To me there is no night!

Nighttime—
With darkness
And quiet
And pangs of regret!
And weeps then my soul
In discontent and sorrow, moaning
This: to me there is no day!

Holy twilight,
Reconciling
Night and day—
When will your silence
Cover and comfort my soul?

Milles at Home



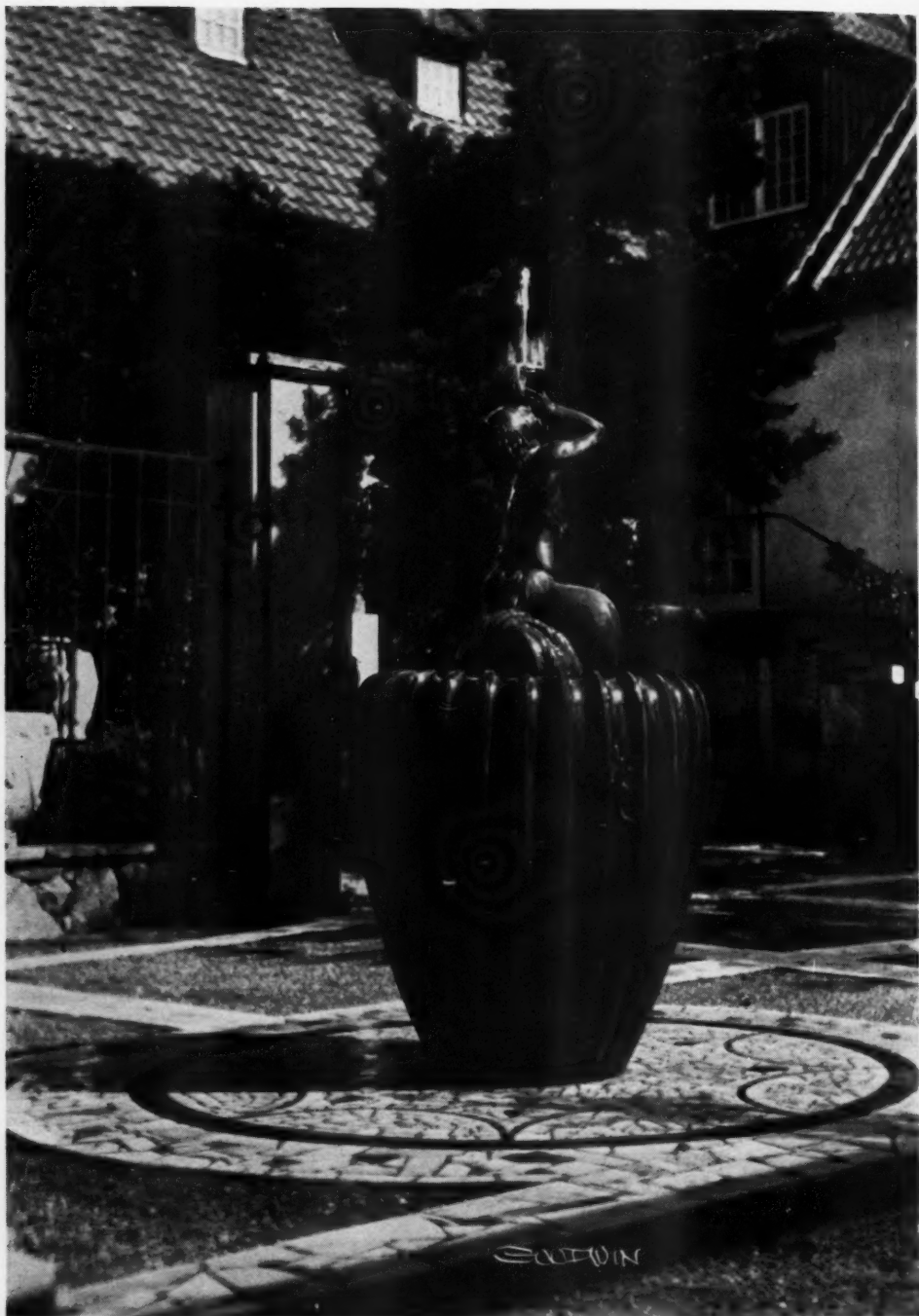
THE SCULPTOR CARL MILLES, WHO SINCE THE DEATH OF ANDERS ZORN IS CONSIDERED THE GREATEST CELEBRITY IN THE ART WORLD OF SWEDEN. HE IS NOW IN THIS COUNTRY TO SUPERVISE THE ERECTION OF ONE OF HIS FOUNTAINS IN CHICAGO

Photograph by Henry Buerger Goodwin



A TERRACE IN CARL MILLES'S HOME, SHOWING THE TORSO OF HIS SUN SINGER

Photograph by Henry Buerger Goodwin



A FOUNTAIN IN CARL MILLES'S HOME AT LIDINGÖ, NEAR STOCKHOLM
Photograph by Henry Buerger Goodwin

THE AMERICAN SCANDINAVIAN FOUNDATION

*For better intellectual relations between the American and Scandinavian peoples,
by means of an exchange of students, publications, and a Bureau of Information*

ESTABLISHED BY NIELS POULSON, IN 1911

Officers: President, Henry Goddard Leach; Vice-presidents, John G. Bergquist, John A. Gade, and William Hovgaard; Treasurer, H. Esk. Møller; Secretary, Neilson Abeel; Literary Secretary and Editor of the REVIEW, Hanna Astrup Larsen; Counsel, Henry E. Almberg; Auditors, David Elder & Co.

Government Advisory Committees: Danish—A. P. Weis, Chief of the Department of the Ministry of Education, Chairman; Norwegian—K. J. Hougen, Chief of the Department of Church and Education, Chairman. The Swedish Government is represented in the Swedish American Foundation (below).

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Associates: All who are in sympathy with the aims of the Foundation are invited to become Associates. **Regular Associates**, paying \$3.00 annually, receive the REVIEW. **Sustaining Associates**, paying \$10.00 annually, receive the REVIEW and CLASSICS. **Life Associates**, paying \$200.00 once for all, receive all publications.

Peace on Earth

Never before has the REVIEW been able to wish its readers a Merry Christmas under such happy auspices. Founded immediately before the World War, the REVIEW early formulated its program in which the first point was "to keep the light of international friendship burning," and it has lived to see that principle made a part of world politics to a degree that would have seemed unthinkable only a few years ago.

That new attitude of mind toward other nations, which Premier MacDonald proclaimed, would be impossible of realization by the governments of the world if private individuals and organizations did not do their part toward disarming suspicion, uprooting enmities, and fostering friendships. In this work the American-Scandinavian Foundation, which the REVIEW represents, has done its share. For the benefit of those readers who meet us today for the first time, we repeat that the American-Scandinavian Foundation, established in 1911 by Niels Poulson, has for its object to cultivate intellectual relations between America and the Scandinavian countries, and as the most important means to this end it carries on an exchange of advanced students and re-

search workers. The stipends awarded by the Foundation and its sister organizations in Sweden, Denmark, and Norway have enabled many hundreds of students to come from the Scandinavian countries to America and to go from us to them. These students spend usually a full year, sometimes two years, in the country where they have chosen to study. Unlike the ordinary traveller who makes a rapid survey of a few high lights—perhaps in order to write a book about them—the student works shoulder to shoulder with his fellow-students, perhaps enters their homes, and while he applies his mind to his special task, receives imponderable values not in the curriculum. This infiltration of ideas cannot be measured by academic degrees, but is equally important.

In various other ways the Foundation works to promote good understanding among the nations. Its publications include books on the Scandinavian countries and translations from their classics, besides the magazine, the AMERICAN-SCANDINAVIAN REVIEW, which, with this issue, completes its seventeenth year. Many readers have been with us from the beginning. To all these and to newer friends we wish a very Merry Christmas.



FICTION

Hansine Solstad, the History of an Honest Woman. By Peter Egge. With an Introduction by Henry Goddard Leach. Translated by Jess H. Jackson. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. Price \$2.50.

Peter Egge's work has often been the subject of review in our surveys of current Norwegian literature, and stories by him have appeared both in the REVIEW and in the SCANDINAVIAN CLASSIC BEST STORIES OF NORWAY. This is the first time, however, that one of his novels has appeared in English, though his work is known in Europe outside his native land. *Hansine Solstad* is regarded in Norway as the culmination of the author's varied and voluminous production. Among those who value it highly is Sigrid Undset, who reviewed it in an article filled with warm appreciation. In *Hansine Solstad* Egge has treated a subject that can always count on the interest of his countrymen: that of racial heritage and racial pride as seen among the peasant freeholders (the *bønder*) who are more and more coming to be looked on as the backbone of the people. That its popularity was not due merely to Norwegian local patriotism but to enduring literary qualities is shown by the cordial reception it had in a country so remote and so different as France.

In his introduction Mr. Leach says that the author's "favorite characters are those of the locked mind, modest, reserved, unapproachable, but underneath resolute and passionate. . . . The reader wishes to take his characters by the napes of their necks and release their pent-up passions." This is an excellent characterization of Hansine herself. When yet a child, she comes under suspicion for theft, and the rumor clings to her, fostered by those who resent that this poor dependant child is of finer stuff than they—and knows it. In spite of her unusually clear intelligence, her energy and resolution in other things, she is unable to defend herself. When she sees the sharp eyes of suspicion fastened upon her, she merely shrinks within herself. She cannot throw herself on the generous faith of another human being, cannot plead with anyone to believe her. She merely goes her way, more and more grimly resolved that, let people believe what they will, no act of hers shall be unworthy of the family which for hundreds of years had kept its record clean.

The American publishers have given the book the sub-title "The History of an Honest

Woman." They might have called it "The History of a Heroine." The translator, Jess H. Jackson, has done an excellent piece of work. H.A.L.

Chapter the Last. By Knut Hamsun. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Knopf. 1929. Price \$3.00.

In a question list sent out by Gyldendal for a Christmas publication two years ago, Hamsun answered the question: "What is the worst thing you know?" He replied: "To die. That I certainly wouldn't do if I didn't have to." *Chapter the Last* is supposed to be a book about death; it is death that is "the last chapter," but in the end life and the love of life win out. The Suicide—that is the name he goes by throughout the book—is planning for and talking about his own death through 378 pages, but he saves himself from the fire at Torshus Sanatorium, leaving his wife and the other guests in the lurch. Having escaped the fire, he seeks the noose, and has already picked out a convenient tree and found his rope, when he deliberately turns his back on all the paraphernalia and walks down the valley to the settlement.

Chapter the Last reminds one of *Women at the Pump* by its cynical attitude toward the people described. The older book pictured the "small creatures" who "crawl" in a small town like cellar bugs under a board. *Chapter the Last* analyzes the derelicts gathered in a sanatorium. Among them we meet again Frank, the son of Oliver in *Women at the Pump*, in whose person Hamsun pursues his scorn of philologists as engaged in one of the occupations that he calls sterile.

The positive note comes from the son of the soil and the spoiled, foolish little city woman who marries him and finds the meaning of life in humble work. It is the same situation that we met in *The Last Joy*, though treated in a wholly different way.

The Master of Hestviken. In the Wilderness. By Sigrid Undset. Translated from the Norwegian by Arthur G. Chater. Knopf. 1929. Price \$3.00.

This is the third part of the tetralogy dealing with the life of Olav Audunssøn, the first volume of the double novel entitled in the original *Olav Audunssøn og hans Børn*. It tells how, after the death of Ingunn, Olav sets out for England in an attempt to escape from his memories and from himself. Sigrid Undset reconstructs for us the voyage in the tiny ship across the North Sea—a common enough adventure to the Norwegians of the time—and the scenes of London as they appear to the men from a cruder land. Again she reveals her knowledge of medieval life. How significant, for instance, that Olav Audunssøn, who cannot read, can yet remember enough of the Latin the priests have taught him to talk with the people he meets and to enjoy the services in the splendid English churches. It brings

home to us how the Church in those days fostered internationalism and intercourse between peoples. And what life in the picture of London Bridge lined with shops, and of its passing crowds, dainty ladies with serving-women and pages and lap-dogs, and near by horribly crippled beggars. Olav looks at the huge pillars that bear up the bridge and feels a vague contentment that men can do such things. He is not disturbed by the sight of skulls nailed up on the battlements—the heads of rebel lords, he is told—for they seem to him to have paid the penalty and found the rest he himself is longing for.

Olav returns to take up his dreary life at Hestviken again. He has become a lonely man, and his soul still cleaves to the dead wife who had given him so little happiness. For her sake he not only refuses the excellent marriage with a wealthy young widow which his kinsfolk arranged for him, but he rejects the faithful love of Thorhild who has borne him a child and who could have given him all the warmth and comfort and companionship he had missed in his first marriage. Thus he loses not only her but his only son, while the bastard Eirik usurps the place as his heir.

Toward the end of the book occurs an episode of that border warfare which was matter of common occurrence, and Olav puts himself at the head of the peasants to repel the Swedish invasion. The fighting, which centers in old Oslo, gives opportunity for magnificent descriptions of the hand-to-hand struggle. After it is over, Olav returns again to his home—unthanked and unrewarded by the rulers he has aided, but with the consciousness that he has done good work. For a time this feeling sustains him, but he soon reverts again to that futile brooding which has become his second nature. The solution of his problem comes in the last volume of the series, which is announced for English publication in the spring.

A Stranger in Paradise. By J. Anker Larsen. Translated by Ruth Castberg Jordan. Knopf. 1929. \$3.00.

In spite of crudities in its construction and in the translation, there is a naïve humor and a wistful charm to this book which make it worth reading. It is exceedingly difficult to render into adequate English the niceties of a language like Danish, yet it might have been done much better.

The story itself is laid on one of the Danish islands amid the surroundings which Larsen knows so well how to portray, and is the emotional record of a man and his influence on his native village. On the whole the book does not measure up to Larsen's two previous novels, *The Philosopher's Stone* and *Mary and Martha*. N. A.

CRITICISM

Henrik Ibsen, an Introduction to his Life and Work. By Paul H. Grumann. University Publishing Company. 1928.

This handbook for students of Ibsen pre-

sents in clear and compact form the problems of each play, taken up in chronological order, with a slender thread of comment on Ibsen's life and personality to give the dramas something of a background.

The interpretation is concrete and suggestive and designed to encourage the student to read the plays and work out his own solutions. As a further aid to this, the discussion is followed by questions and topics for study, editions of Ibsen's works, a selected bibliography, and an index. All within the brief compass of a hundred and fifty pages.

TRAVEL

Ten To One In Sweden. By Paddy Sylvanus. Appleton. 1929. Price \$2.50.

That even a Britisher at times finds it hard to become easily acclimatized in a strange surrounding is amply evidenced by Miss Paddy Sylvanus, whose book, *Ten to one in Sweden*, has just appeared in this country under the imprint of the Appleton house.

The story concerns the experiences of an English woman in the home of a professor in a small city in northern Sweden, where she serves as a governess. The town carries the Main Street stamp, and it is easy to understand that it must have bored the visitor considerably. The winter darkness also weighs upon her as it perhaps would on many foreigners. In addition, the townspeople frequently give voice to strong pro-German sympathies—the visit occurred shortly after the World War—which must have been difficult for the Britisher to digest.

With all these excuses, however, the book can hardly be classed as a travel story, in the accepted sense of the word. The main difficulty lies in the author's irritated objections to many phases of Swedish life, her sweeping statements, her unconditional judgments of an entire country of which she knows but one bleak spot.

She speaks of Swedish education, national customs, and politics in the most uninformed terms, and her words about Swedish literature are sheer pap. Her interest in acquiring an honest knowledge of what she sets out to describe seems totally lacking. What makes the book still sadder is the totally unartistic style in which it is written.

HOLGER LUNDBERGH

JUVENILE

Olaf, Lofoten Fisherman. By Constance Wiel Schram. Translated from the Norwegian by Siri Andrews. Illustrated by Marjorie Flack. Longmans, Green. 1929. Price \$2.00.

Olaf is a small boy of six whose home is in northern Norway. His father is a doctor, and he takes his son with him to the winter fishing season on the Lofoten Islands. Olaf takes part in all sorts of interesting excursions and learns how the hardy fishermen live and work. He goes with his father to visit sick seamen, he

watches the fishing smacks sail out and come back to harbor heavily laden, he sees the fish being treated and cured, and he rides in the Chief Inspector's motor boat when he makes his rounds.

The scene will seem new and somewhat foreign to American children, but they will be quick to respond to a delightful freshness and naturalness in the atmosphere of the story, and the good and kindly human relations with their general tone of cheerful friendliness. The author is the wife of a Nordland doctor, so she knows whereof she writes, and she has given us a faithful account of life in the North. Marjorie Flack's illustrations are charming and supplement the text most acceptably.

A.C.R.

Raggle Taggle Bear. Adventures of Three Little Pigs. Pictures by Louis Moe. Translated from the Danish of Georg Kal-kar by Anne C. Reque, and made into verse by Frank Ernest Hill. *Longmans Green.* 1929. Price \$1.50 apiece.

Here are two good tales for young ones, spirited and simple, in swinging rhyme, told with more pictures than text, and pictures (of the sad old bear, the forgiving mother pig, and the three little naughty pigs, as well as many other characters and scenes) which are as lovable as your small child's affectionate heart could wish.

M. M. C.

THE FIRST HARVEST

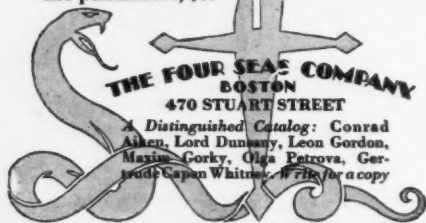
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TRADE NOTES

TOURIST TRAFFIC AS BIG BUSINESS FOR NORWAY

Norwegian hotel proprietors are unanimous in their appreciation of what the Government, and particularly the Railways of Norway, have done towards making the tourist traffic a source of income to the country at large. In an interview in *Bergens Tidende*, Sigurd Kvikne, the owner of the well-known hotel of that name, gives great credit to Ben Blessum for what he is doing to make the American travelers realize the beauty of Norway both in summer and winter. Preparations are now under way to make next summer a record season with regard to visitors from the United States.

INCREASED EXPORTS OF DANISH INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS

While exports of Danish agricultural products have long added greatly to the wealth of the country, it is only within more recent years that manufactured articles, such as machinery and oil, have become of considerable importance. Danish Portland cement has become so popular an article abroad that the demand taxes the manufacturing facilities. Oil made from the soja bean and brought to Denmark from the Danish plantations in the Far East is of a quality that recommends it in foreign lands.

BIG NEW ORE DEPOSITS DISCOVERED IN SWEDEN

In Nätra and Sidensjö, Sweden, there have recently been discovered ore deposits that promise rich yields. In one place a vein of ore several

kilometers long and from 70 to 80 meters wide has been found. Comparing this with similar ore veins in Boliden, the Klondike of Norrland, the importance of the find will be realized. The ore lies at a depth of no more than five to six meters.

EUROPEAN BUSINESS FRIENDLY TOWARDS THE UNITED STATES

Contrary to what is sometimes reported, European business leaders are not unfriendly to industrial enterprises in the United States, according to Magnus W. Alexander, president of the National Industrial Conference Board. Mr. Alexander, has been in Europe investigating conditions there from various angles and he gathered from his conversations with the leading manufacturers and financiers that co-operation, rather than competition, was their main desire with regard to the United States. At the Amsterdam Congress he had gained a good insight into the feelings of Europe toward the American manufacturers. Invention, technical progress, and economic necessity are constantly drawing nations closer, Mr. Alexander declared.

NORWAY HAS NEW METHOD FOR EXTRACTING COD LIVER OIL

A new method for extracting medicinal cod liver oil has been discovered by the manager of the experimental station for fish products at Bergen. According to experts, the new method will result in the extraction of more oil of a better quality than has been obtained by processes heretofore used. Its practical application is being tested during the Lofoten fishing season.

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INSURANCE NOTES

NORWEGIAN FIRE LOSSES RECOUNTED BY INSURANCE COMPANIES

With a total of 1,947 fires to be adjusted by Norwegian insurance companies in 1928, damages amounted to 13,450,000 kroner compared with 15,620,000 kroner for the previous year. The amount paid out was equivalent to 65 per cent of the paid-in fire insurance premiums of 20,825,000 kroner.

SCANDINAVIA ACTIVE AT INTERNATIONAL INSURANCE MEETING

At the meeting of the International Union of Marine Insurance, held in Vienna, Scandinavian interests were conspicuously advanced. Axel Rinman, the president of the union, asked for more frequent communication between the underwriters of the various countries. Incidentally, it stated that the British insurance companies had been anxious to obtain the insurance of Norwegian whaling vessels, but that business did not turn out to be as profitable as had been expected.

NEW DIRECTOR FOR NORDISK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Among the various changes taking place within the management of Nordisk Fire Insurance Company is the appointment as managing director of Paul Seerup who for that purpose left the Tariff Association. Mr. Seerup, however, will still have the valuable aid of Chief Director Magnussen, whose long association with Nordisk Fire Insurance Company has proved one of the big assets in the business.



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SHIPPING NOTES

NEW SWEDISH MOTORSHIP FOR SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE

After reaching New York, on its first trip, the new Swedish motorship freighter *Manhem* cleared for Santos and other Brazilian points. This newest addition to the merchant fleet of the *Manhem* Company of Stockholm was built at the Eriksberg Works at Gothenburg. Sweden is not only becoming an active participant in traffic in South America, but the leading shipping firms are adding annually to their motorship fleet.

BALTIC AND INTERNATIONAL MARITIME CONFERENCE TO HOLD JUBILEE

Next year the Baltic and International Maritime Conference will meet in Copenhagen for the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of its existence. A committee for that purpose has been appointed consisting of Director A. O. Andersen, Consul-General Johan Hansen, Director E. Maa-gaard, W. C. K. Hansen, Chr. Andresen, T. C. Christensen, and O. J. Eskildsen.

NORWAY LEADING WORLD WITH NEW TONNAGE

At the annual meeting of the Shipowners' Association of Norway, held at Oslo, it was brought out that with 27.2 per cent of the country's tonnage less than five years old, Norway leads the world in new tonnage. It is computed that the Norwegian commercial fleet aggregates 3,300,000 register tons. The fleet is now as large as that of France, and exceeded only by Great Britain, the United States, Japan, and Germany. One third of the Norwegian merchant fleet tonnage is in liner service.

WHAT REMAINS OF THE WORLD'S SAILING FLEET

Little by little sailing ships are disappearing from the sea. All that remains of these proud carriers is about a million tons, and of this amount the United States possesses a third. Great Britain and Ireland are far down the list with some 17,000 tons, of which only a few are square-riggers. In less than twenty-five years the sailing fleet quota has been reduced from 22 per cent of the total, to 2.47 per cent. Today the world's tonnage is figured at 68,000,000 tons.

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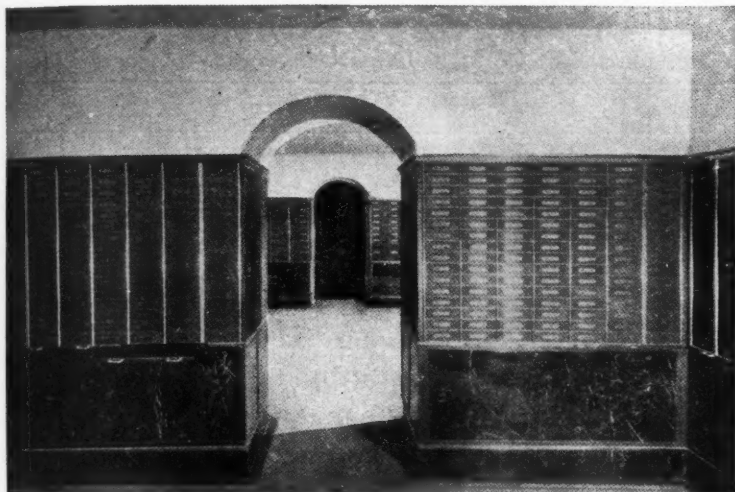
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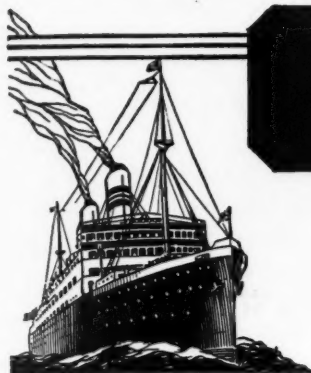
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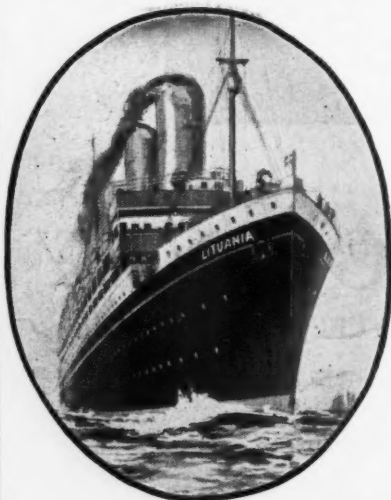
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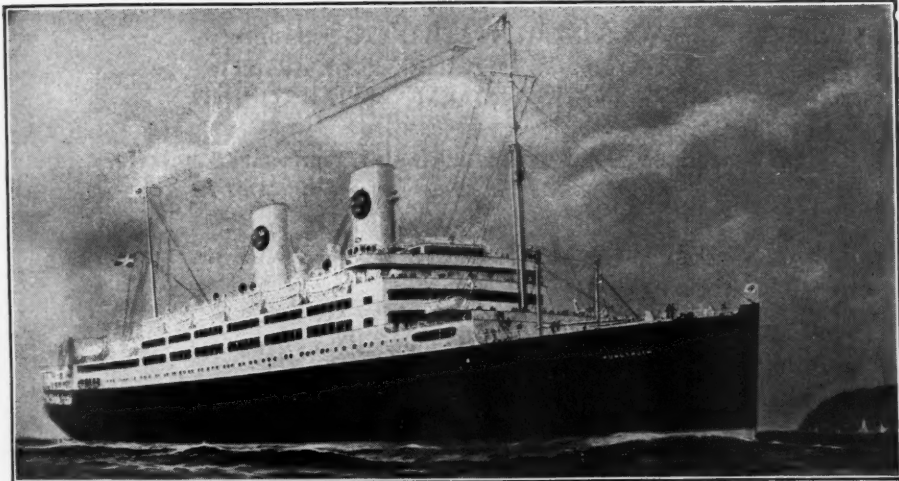
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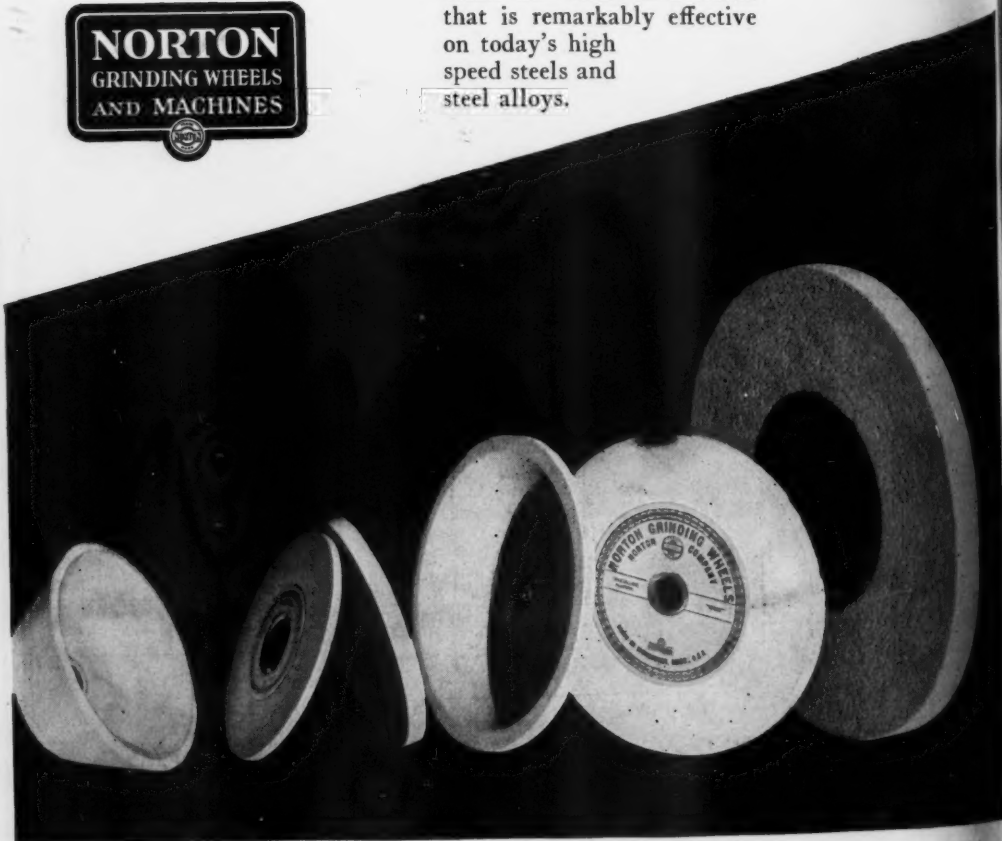
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